

Arrested drivers choose to have breath tests checked by blood samples

By Clifford Webb, Motoring Correspondent

One in five motorists arrested on a drink-driving charge is taking advantage of a Home Office circular to chief constables and asking for the result of breath tests to be checked against a blood or urine sample. Although it was introduced only on April 16 inquiries by *The Times* suggest that the number of blood samples taken in the first two weeks has more than doubled.

The additional work is not welcomed by some senior officers, who regard it as an unnecessary concession to uninformed criticism of the accuracy of electronic breath-test machines.

Until April 16 blood and urine tests were available only if the machine produced a reading of between 40 and 50 micrograms of alcohol per 100 millilitres of breath. The minimum level, suggesting a driver is incapable of exercising proper control, is 35 micrograms but most forces set 40 micrograms as the lowest limit for prosecution.

Because it was considered that anything up to 50 micrograms might be a contentious or marginal area the additional check provided by a blood test was made a legal option when the breath test was introduced in May 1983.

Two months ago a circular to chief constables advised them that for an experimental period of six months they should extend blood testing to drivers with a reading of more than 50 micrograms if requested. The move came after reports that the machines were not sufficiently accurate and had led to some wrongful convictions.

The Association of Police Surgeons pressed for the statutory right to a blood or urine test. It said that returns from 30 police "stations" over three months period indicated that one in five drivers shown to be over the limit by the machine were below the legal limit when blood samples were analysed.

Police officers have pointed out that police surgeons have a financial interest in securing more sampling. A senior Welsh officer said: "My local surgeon told me that he would lose £15,000 a year in police fees when the breath machine came in last May."

The Home Office has estimated that an additional 5,000 to 6,000 samples will be taken monthly during the trial. It has set aside £750,000 to meet the fees.

Police officers, in turn, have been criticized for being unsympathetic to those questioning the machine's accuracy because it is much easier to contact a doctor to undertake a blood test and then wait analysis.

The machine gives an instant read-out, accepted in court as evidence. That speed and simplicity led to complaints that it is the prime reason for random testing.

However, in his annual report this week Sir Philip Knights, Chief Constable of West Midlands, said: "The introduction in May of Intoximeter evidential breath-testing machines for use in police stations following the earlier introduction of more positive roadside screening devices has made the enforcement of drink-driving legislation simpler and less time consuming."

The number of arrests for driving with excess alcohol in 1983 was 24 per cent higher than the 1982 total, in spite of considerable publicity directed towards reducing this type of offence.

This has not been brought about by any form of random testing. It is the result, I believe, of the greater confidence officers enjoy with their new equipment."

He reported 110 arrests in the first 10 days of the additional sampling, of whom 25 with a reading of more than 50 micrograms opted for a blood sample.

Greater Manchester police said that in the first 14 days, 91 drivers were over the prosecution limit, 72 had a reading of more than 50 micrograms and 18 (19.8 per cent) asked for a blood sample.

Most of other forces said it was too early to give details, but agreed that a 20 per cent request for additional sampling "seemed about right."

Home Office scientists are confident that the additional blood-sampling for six months will support the finding of their own field tests, which have confirmed the machine's accuracy.

Two different machines are in use. The Lion Intoximeter manufactured at Barry, South Glamorgan, is favoured by most forces in England and Wales. The Camic Breath Analyser, made in North Shields, is used almost exclusively in Scotland.

The trial is being monitored by an independent expert. Professor Sir William Fenton, who holds the chair of pharmacology at Oxford University.



Musical bear: Children singing along with a member of Atarah's Band yesterday during the May Day Madness weekend at the Barbican, London. (Photograph: Peter Trievnor).

Rugby swop urged to cut spine injury risks

By Thomson Prentice, Science Correspondent

Schools should drop Rugby Union in favour of Rugby League next season to reduce the risks of spinal injuries among younger pupils, according to a doctor specializing in sports medicine.

Dr Elizabeth Scott says that backache beginning at 14 and continuing into adult life can be blamed on stress inflicted during scrums on the spines of boys playing as front and second row forwards.

"They are concerned by the weight of the rows in front and behind. If their muscle development cannot control the forces, the spine carries the weight," Dr Scott argues in the latest issue of *General Practitioner*.

"The pressure on those growing spines is enormous and the cartilage can be deformed by such stress," Dr Scott of Edinburgh says, who speaks as a sports medicine practitioner, general practitioner, parent of rugby players and a watcher of schools' rugby for 20 years.

She also calls for substitutes to be allowed in school matches. "Playing on 'for the good of the team' merely ensures that even a minor injury is compounded," she says.

However, doctors at the Regional Spinal Injuries Unit at Rutherford general hospital in Wakefield, West Yorkshire, have concluded that "spinal cord injuries are as common in Rugby League as in Rugby Union."

They studied the cases of 13 Rugby League players admitted to the unit with spinal cord injury between 1956 and 1983, and published their findings in the *British Medical Journal*.

In seven cases the ball carrier was injured and in four cases the tackler was hurt. The other two injuries occurred when scrums collapsed. During the same period, there were seven spinal cord injuries as a result of Rugby Union.

Dr John Silver, spinal injuries consultant at the National Spinal Injuries Centre at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Buckinghamshire, published his study of injuries to rugby players earlier this year.

Of 67 injured between 1952 and 1982, 48 suffered paralysis and total incapacity, and spinal injuries were more common in recent years.

Dr Silver said of Dr Scott's suggestion that schools should adopt rugby league rules: "I think it is an excellent idea and I would be in favour of it, but the figures from Wakefield are quite horrifying. In my study, only two of the 67 cases were rugby league players."

After Dr Silver's research, the Rugby Football Union produced some changes in interpretations of the laws for schools.

Plan for late night stores opposed

Plans to open four large American-style multi-purpose stores in London next month, with opening times from early morning until midnight, have encountered opposition from local traders (John Young writes).

The four stores, according to the weekly magazine, *The Grocer*, will be in Hendon, Harrow, Streatham and Kensington, where building conversion work is well advanced. Hendon shopkeepers have sent a petition to Barnet Council objecting to the plan.

Trading under the name 7-Eleven, the shops will be managed by Neighbourhood Stores, under licence from the Southland Corporation of America. As well as selling groceries, the company hopes to operate hot food takeaway counters and video games at least until 11.30pm of even later. Two stores are planned for Birmingham and negotiations in progress for 10 more sites.

Rival traders fear that restaurant licenses will be used as a pretext for keeping retail shops open outside present permitted hours.

Ursula Hurw, author of the technology report, said employers were keener to employ home workers during a period of recession because of their uncertainty about future markets.

She also pointed out that pay levels among skilled computer professionals working at home are nearly £2 less than the hourly rate paid to office staff. As home workers they average £4.63 an hour, in an office they would get an average of £6.54 an hour, considerably more on a casual contract basis.

"Office workers should be alerted to the potential problems before it is too late. Planning decisions being made now about the technological infrastructures could affect their working lives for decades to come."

The new *Homeworkers: New Technology and the changing location of white-collar work* (Law Pay Unit, 9 Poland Street, London W1V 3DG, £2.50, p & p 25p).

Catholics to bring back 'Friday fish'

By Clifford Longley, Religious Affairs Correspondent

A modified version of "fish on Fridays" is to be reintroduced for Roman Catholics in England and Wales in the autumn. The practice was made voluntary 18 years ago.

Its revival was ordered by the Vatican in the new Code of Canon Law which came into force last autumn. But local hierarchies were allowed to take time deciding whether to choose some alternative penitential activity.

No decision has been announced by the Bishops' Conference of England and Wales. It is clear, however, that the rule for England will be virtually the same as that in force in Ireland. Last week, the English and Welsh bishops agreed to "consult" those in Scotland and Ireland.

The Archbishop of Liverpool, Mgr Derek Worlock, said that this was to "overcome the danger of different practices in neighbouring countries."

The Irish regulations were adopted last November, with the Vatican's permission, and cannot be altered. The Roman Catholic bishops in Scotland have not announced their decision.

The previous rule was to abstain from meat, penance designed to draw attention to

Friday as the day of Jesus Christ's crucifixion. An exhortation to abstain from meat on Fridays is included in the Book of Common Prayer, but it is widely ignored in the Church of England.

The alternatives for Friday observance likely to be adopted in England are:

- Abstaining from meat or some other food.
- Abstaining from alcohol, smoking, or some other amusement.

- A special effort of involvement in family prayer, attending Mass, visiting the Blessed Sacrament, or making the Stations of the Cross.

- Fasting from food for longer than usual, and giving any money saved to the needy.
- Going out to the way to help somebody sick, poor, old, or lonely.

Unlike the previous rule, which was dropped because it was taken rigidly, the bishops are likely to emphasize that it is the spirit of penance that matters, not the letter of the law.

They instructed all parish priests in England and Wales to prepare congregations by explaining the theory behind penance, and special sermons were preached during Lent.

Propane gas taken from blast car

Gas containers were removed from a car which exploded killing a schoolboy and injuring six of his friends but the police would not say yesterday whether they had been sniffing propane gas in the car.

Fire broke out after the blast in Kelly Road, Hebburn, Tyne and Wear, and Kevin Dowling, age 14, of Hollyhock, Hebburn, died.

The injured were detained in the Ingham Infirmary, South Shields.

They are Carl Jones, aged 15, of the Kingsway Hotel; Kevin Brown, aged 13, of Mountbatten Avenue; Neil Coulson, aged 12, of Lambley Crescent; Steven Earle, age 13, of Kelly Road all in Hebburn, and Miss Kim Anderson, aged 18, of Croxdale Terrace, Felaw, and Miss Lesley Younger, aged 19, of Kriston Way, Bill Quay.

Two boys aged eight and 13, died on a fire in a garage off Acton Street, Wigan, on Saturday night.

Arsonist sought
Detectives in Falkirk, Stirlingshire, are hunting an arsonist after two fires which engulfed separate stores in the town centre early on Saturday, causing damage estimated at £500,000.

Suburban homes in disrepair

By David Walker, Social Policy Correspondent

The mock Tudor facades of the London suburbs conceal a growing problem of disrepair, according to new housing figures to be published tomorrow.

They show that in outer London about 200,000 homes need repairs costing more than £4,200, representing about 12 per cent of the entire housing stock. Most are owner-occupied homes.

Prosperous areas such as Barnet, Ilford, and Hornchurch have a particular problem with what surveyors term fit dwellings that need renovation. In Barnet, where the Conservative council is proud of its improvement grant record, nearly a quarter of all houses are in notable disrepair.

In Havering, the borough encompassing Romford and Hornchurch, about 17,000 homes need repair out of 89,000, while in neighbouring Redbridge containing mile upon mile of neat half-timbered interwar houses, one in ten need substantial repair work.

The figures are published by the Greater London Council but they are supplied by the boroughs for presentation to the Government, in order to claim housing grants. Barnet said that although there were problems in Cricklewood and East Finchley, the figure overstated the problem. The housing manager of Redbridge however, said there was a growing problem of elderly owner-occupiers unable or unwilling to maintain their homes.

Areas where disrepair is not a problem include Barking, Bromley and Kingston upon Thames.

Ruling may increase home workers' pay

By Kenneth Gosling

The problem of underpayment of home workers, many receiving less than 50p an hour for addressing and filing envelopes or answering the telephone, could be alleviated by a ruling given in the Court of Appeal last week.

It held that two women making boys' trousers at home for a Cambridge company were direct employees, entitled to protection against unfair dismissal.

The ruling was welcomed by the Law Pay Unit. "Giving a worker employee status means considerably better rates of pay, better conditions of work and holidays," it said.

The unit will publish a report next month detailing a wide range of home occupations which still rank as "extremely badly paid".

Traditional jobs carried out at home by an estimated 600,000 workers include making up clothing, soldering and increasingly, clerical work.

A unit researcher, Liz Bisset, said that it was impossible to put a figure on the number in each occupation. However the most common employment was home machining of garments and knitting (£4 for a £250 garment not uncommon); typing and filling envelopes; gluing such items as soles on shoes; answering the telephone for advertising companies; typing, assembling Christmas crackers and cleaning headsets for airlines.

There had been a great increase in the amount and range of home work.

A report published by the unit and commissioned by the Manpower Services Commission gives a warning that a new generation of home workers, working in the new technology jobs such as data

entry and word processing, could become the low paid of the future.

Not everyone has been pleased with the court's decision. Mrs Joan Wilkins, founder of a company that provides freelance services by people working from home, said: "I am very anxious to know it is not going to affect bona fide people who are just taking on ad hoc work as and when they choose to do it, perhaps for 10 days or three weeks."

"It would be quite wrong to penalize those people because the rag trade are being caught up with."

The unit is concerned about the plight of home workers who still receive much less than 50p an hour in an industry which continues to grow.

Ursula Hurw, author of the technology report, said employers were keener to employ home workers during a period of recession because of their uncertainty about future markets.

She also pointed out that pay levels among skilled computer professionals working at home are nearly £2 less than the hourly rate paid to office staff. As home workers they average £4.63 an hour, in an office they would get an average of £6.54 an hour, considerably more on a casual contract basis.

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House built by pioneer architect is 'delisted'

By Charles Knevit, Architectural Correspondent

One of the finest examples of domestic architecture of the interwar years has been "delisted" by an environment minister against the recommendation of his specialist advisers.

The house is "Torilla" in Hatfield, built in 1934-35 by the architect F. R. S. Yorke, one of the pioneers of the Modern Movement in Britain. The two-storey building is in reinforced concrete with a flat roof and steel-frame casement windows. It has an open plan and a two-storey living room at the rear. Le Corbusier's *Maison La Roche*, Paris, was an important influence on the design.

Mr Hugh Small, husband of the house's owner, described the building as "a blunder by a famous architect". He said it

has hardly any insulation; no cavity walls or roofspace; cracks in the structure; and inaccessible plumbing and wiring buried in the concrete. The windows are rusted shut.

The house is spot-listed Grade II only last July while he was preparing to appeal to his local authority, Welwyn Hatfield District Council, over its refusal to give planning permission for him to build nine houses on nearly three acres surrounding the house, which is in the Green Belt.

Mr Small wrote to the Department of the Environment last August asking for it to be removed from the list. The department's reply, three months later, cited six reasons why it should remain

Arrests as widow is deported

Asia Begum, the Bangladeshi widow, who hid from police for more than a year, was deported with her daughter Asma, aged 2, on Saturday.

Twenty-one people who demonstrated at Heathrow airport against her being sent back to Dacca were arrested and charged under airport by-laws with causing a riot and refusing to leave the airport.

Mrs Begum had hoped to be allowed into Holland when the aircraft stopped for refuelling, but Dutch immigration officials refused permission because of the "riot" at Heathrow.

Mrs Begum's case is to be raised today in the Dutch Parliament to try to persuade the authorities to give her sanctuary pending an appeal to the European Commission of Human Rights against deportation.

Mrs Begum's leave to enter Britain was withdrawn after her husband died.

Outing for rail crash residents

Fifty residents of Lime and Thames streets in Cardle enjoyed a free trip to Blackpool today - while a 20-ton flask of lead-based petrol additive was lifted clear of their homes.

The container had been buried under the wreckage of 10 freight wagons which plunged into the river Caldw last week.

Billy Graham has operation

Dr Billy Graham, the American evangelist, who is to start his highest crusade in Britain on Saturday, is expected to be discharged from the Royal Masonic Hospital, west London, today after a successful sinus operation.

He was admitted to hospital on Saturday, and the operation carried out yesterday. Afterwards a hospital spokesman said: "All has gone well. He is fine."

Solo sailor set for voyage

Mr James Hatfield, aged 28, of Ipswich is due to set off from Penzance today to sail round the world single-handed to raise cash for the British Heart Foundation.

Phillips



A CONSTABLE UNMASKED

Scene: The Picture Department of Phillips Fine Art Auctioneers on the afternoon of 4 April.

On the reverse side of this delightful painting of Constable's sister, Phillips' specialists uncover a forgotten, and authentic, view of Flatford Mill. This "double Constable" discovery is to be auctioned in Phillips' forthcoming sale of Fine British Paintings in November.

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Arab may buy Bedford College in £10m deal

By Colin Hughes

Bedford College and its 10-acre grounds in the heart of Regent's Park, in London, are expected to be sold for more than £10m to an Arab buyer this week.

The college, which is on a lease from the Crown Commissioners with 27 years to run, has been on the market since last summer.

The lease value would be much greater, given the position of the buildings overlooking the park, but one of the lease conditions is that it must be used for educational purposes. Speculation has surrounded that likelihood that only Arabs might be able to afford it as a private learning centre.

Bedford is merging with Royal Holloway College, and some students and departments have moved already to its 100-acre site at Egham Hill, in Surrey. Proceeds from the Bedford sale will go towards a £20m expansion at Egham.

The rest of Bedford's 1,500 students and all but four departments will move to Egham over the summer holiday.

College administrators are not disclosing the buyer's identity, but a deal has been reached and contracts are expected to be signed at the end of this week.

New tasks for an old machine

By Pearce Wright, Science Editor

With a report like the crack of a high velocity rifle, a 2in diameter bar of steel fractured. The metal was torn apart by a machine in a workshop behind the Italian facade of a restored listed building in Southwark Street, near London Bridge.

The machine, which can apply huge forces to girders, bricks, concrete and wood beams to test their tensile strength by stretching them, and their compression, was last used in 1945.

But the technical details it has revealed about engineering and building materials in 100 years of operation, including testing of the components of the ill-fated Tay Bridge after its failure in 1879, form a large part of the standard reference works kept in computer data bases.

The equipment is at its original site of experimental Testing and Experimental Works which has been refurbished as a centre of innovation, in which young engineers, designers and creative business people can develop ideas.

Today's innovators, who follow in the steps of the first David Kirkaldy, have microcomputers and video terminals for their calculations and design work.

The building comprises 11,000 square feet on five floors, with the vast testing machine, nearly 48ft long and able to apply a load of 300 tons, occupying the ground floor as the new Kirkaldy Testing Museum.

The upper floors provide "instant workspace" which tenants license for studios, or workshops from the Industrial Buildings Preservation Trust.

Individuals can license from as little as 100 square ft. Each tenant has available Shared Office Services, which provides facilities covering reception, word-processing, telephone



The ram of the Kirkaldy tester being adjusted by an operator. (Photograph: Harry Kerr).

answering, photocopying, report preparation, security and other business support.

The renovation of the building and its machinery as an industrial museum had been suggested by Dr Denis Smith, senior lecturer in civil engineering at North East London Polytechnic.

The workspace idea for the upper floors provided an extra impetus for raising the initial £250,000 to overhaul the site. Support has come from Rank Xerox, the Greater London Council, the Department of the Environment, the Pilgrim

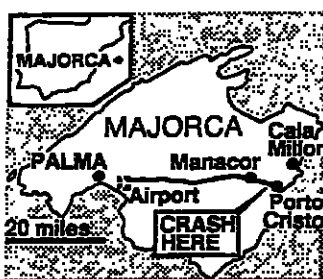
Trust, the Heritage Fund and Southwark Borough Council.

At the official opening yesterday the present David Kirkaldy, the founder's grandson who graduated at Cambridge and gained his practical experience in engineering at the famous River Don steelworks in Sheffield almost 50 years ago, brought the machine back into operation.

The first universal testing machine, which was developed to provide quality control for the industries created in the first industrial revolution, erupted into life.

Injured Britons fight for their lives as Majorca inquiry into crash opens

From Richard Wigg, Palma



Two British tourists were fighting for their lives and 13 others were seriously ill in Palma hospitals last night after surviving a coach crash in Majorca early on Saturday in which eight other British holidaymakers and their guide were killed.

As relatives flew in, Mr Roger Britchford, a 44-year-old lorry driver from Wellingborough, was one of two Britons in a critical condition. He was put on a ventilator after being operated on for severe facial injuries and ruptured liver. The other was Mr Peter Marshall, from Coventry, who suffered severe bruising of the heart and both lungs.

Dr Richard Fairhurst, the chief medical officer of Europe Assurance, who gave these details, said last night: "I have not in my experience seen so many people survive with such severe injuries."

He praised the level of medical treatment available on the island. A further 19 tourists, he said, were suffering from minor injuries.

Mrs Mary Gates, of Letchworth, was due to be the first patient to fly home last night. In all, 34 tourists were still in hospital here. They include: Charles Whitley, aged two, whose father and mother have decided to keep him with them although they are suffering from a broken leg and arm and concussion respectively. He is the only person on the stricken

coach to escape without any injuries. Seven children, including a teenager, Carol Brownridge, who lost her father in the crash, were among the injured. Simon and Michael Cox, aged 12 and eight, from Coventry, are both still in a serious condition with fractured skulls.

The tragedy occurred when the coach, carrying 44 tourists from the Midlands and northern England on holidays organized by Horizon Tours of Birmingham, plunged over a narrow and barely protected bridge some 35 miles east of here just before entering Porto Cristo, a fishing port.

It all happened suddenly in the dark before 5am as the tourists were being taken to their east coast hotels after having arrived at Palma on charter flight KG696 of Orion Airlines from Luton.

The deaths revived a controversy about what local people, including the town's mayor, regard as a traffic black spot.

As a Majorca magistrate began investigating the accident, Spanish police said they believed a blow-out of the front left tyre of the Spanish-made Pegaso coach was the cause of the crash. But Señor Carlos Plasencia, Majorca's Civil Governor, refused to endorse any hypothesis. But he added that broadening of the roadbridge had been "under consideration".

The coach, which only came into service at the end of last month, crashed down some 20ft from the old stone bridge where the road is only about 15ft wide. It toppled onto its left side, where most of those fatally injured were sitting.

The bridge has stone roadblocks about 1ft high and single strip protective railing some 2ft high. Both were damaged or torn off under the impact of the crash.

Two of the surviving British tourists told *The Times* from their beds that they did not think the driver had been speeding.

At the Miramar clinic, Mr Albert Wilkinson, aged 68, a retired decorator from Hartlepool, whose wife Ethel was killed in the crash said: "It was a perfectly normal run until suddenly I felt a wheel was off the asphalt. I said to my wife 'grab something, he's gone off the road'. Then something hit me and when I came to I looked at my wife and she seemed as if asleep."

Mr Wilkinson's son Larry, who flew overnight from Manchester told his father about her death yesterday morning. She had been sitting at the window seat.

Mr Anthony Willey, aged 38, from Spalding, Lincolnshire, who also thought the driver was not speeding, said suddenly the bus "shuddered as if it had hit a rock".

The coach driver, Señor Antonio Vidal, aged 36, was still in a dazed state when he was taken to hospital. Eye-witnesses who reached the crash site soon after the accident said the driver kept muttering "the tyre, the tyre".

Señor Gabriel Homar, the Mayor of the adjacent town of Manacor, recalled his letter sent last February to the councillor of public works of the island's autonomous government asking that immediate priority be given to widening the bridge over the Llebrera river prior to the opening of this year's tourist season.

Asked if Horizon were aware of such local views about the accident spot, Mr Derek Beeston, the continental director of Horizon Tours, said yesterday: "The Mayor's comments came as news to me."

The route was used, Mr Beeston added, by coaches hired by Horizon 20 to 30 times a week for holidaymakers' arrivals and departures, as well as for island excursions.

A journey from here to the accident spot reveals, as the Mayor has argued, that the state of the road eastwards from Manacor is more winding and less modern than on the Palma side.

Mrs Mary Britchford, of Wellingborough, whose husband was in an intensive care unit after undergoing an operation for multiple injuries, said: "I said Roger, wake up! I've had a bad dream! I could not believe it had happened to our coach."



Games warmup. Greek actresses dressed as priestesses rehearse yesterday at Olympia for today's flame lighting ceremony. It will be handed as a safety lamp to an American Olympic official for transport to New York by chartered aircraft.

Offspring of champions take flame to Olympics

New York (Reuter) - Two grandchildren of Olympic legends, Jim Thorpe, and Jesse Owens, will be the first of nearly 4,000 runners, ranging in age from eight to 91, who will carry the Olympic flame on its controversial journey across the United States starting tomorrow.

From the United Nations building on Manhattan's East Side, the flame will be taken on a circuitous 9,000-mile journey lasting 82 days. Over mountains, through deserts, across rivers, along both Atlantic and Pacific oceans, past the White House, and through 33 states and 41 of the nation's largest cities, the torch relay will be the longest in Olympic history.

It will also be the most controversial since, for the first time, much of the route will be commercially sponsored with proceeds going to various youth programmes in the United States. The sponsorship scheme has been widely criticized, notably in Greece, the birthplace of the Olympics on the ground that it contravenes the spirit of the games.

After being flown to New York from Greece today, the flame, set in a bronze aluminium torch, will leave the United Nations at approximately 9am Eastern Standard Time (2pm BST) tomorrow.

It will be carried jointly at the start by grandchildren of Jim Thorpe, who in 1922 was posthumously reinstated as an Olympic champion after he had lost the decathlon and pentathlon medals he won in 1912 for alleged professionalism, and Jesse Owens, who won four gold medals at the 1936 Olympics.

Others carrying the torch in New York will include Abel Kiviat, aged 91, a silver medalist in the 1912 Stockholm Olympics, and Tim Tovers, aged 12.

Runners, each carrying the torch for one kilometre, will jog through the streets of Manhattan for more than five hours. Then the relay will move into Westchester County, Connecticut, on to West Point, New York, and then to New Jersey, Philadelphia and Washington.

The runners will swing into the Mid-west, then the South, back into the Mid-west, where one of the torchbearers will be an eight-year-old girl afflicted with cerebral palsy, through the South-west and Pacific North-west and into California, arriving at the Los Angeles Coliseum on July 28 when the summer games begin.

Runners from all walks of life, including a member of the notorious Hell's Angels motorcycle club in California, will endure a variety of weather conditions from fierce heat in the deserts of Arizona and Nevada to sub-freezing weather in the Rockies.

But the flame, powered by propane gas, will continue to burn, no matter how adverse the weather. Mr Charles Mitchell, the relay's Project Director, told a press conference, "In some cases minor-type lamps may have to be used as a shield, but the flame will not go out."

Originally, the relay was to have been staged on a round-the-clock basis. Instead, Mr Mitchell said, each day's relay would last approximately 18 hours.

He and other spokesmen for the relay organizers defended the sponsorship scheme which is expected to raise \$12m (about £8m).

Five die as helicopter falls into crowd

Helsinki - Five people were killed and 23 wounded, many seriously, when a helicopter crashed yesterday among spectators at a motor racing centre near Hameenlinna, 60 miles north of Helsinki (Olli Kivinen writes).

Eye-witnesses said that the Bell 47 helicopter was caught by a strong gust of wind when landing on top of a small ridge. It tried to gather height again, but fell to a hillside full of people watching a race and burst into flames.

The race was abandoned and aviation authorities started investigations immediately. The helicopter had been taking people on "fun rides".

Peak conquered by two teams

Katmandu (AFP) The 26,788 Mount Manaslu was conquered by two expeditions last week - a joint German-Swiss expedition via the north-east face and a Yugoslav team along the rocky south face.

Nicholas Seely, a British climber injured when he fell into a 60-ft crevasse on Mount Kanguru, is "all right" after an operation on his knee.

Cocker to sue

Vienna - Joe Cocker, the British rock singer held by Austrian police for 36 hours after he failed to appear at a concert, will sue the city of Vienna "for millions", said his agent, Herr Martin Billis.

Bridge horror

Auckland (Reuter) - A boy aged three was killed and his five-year-old sister is missing after a man threw them off the 140-ft-high Auckland harbour bridge and then jumped off. The man survived and was taken to hospital.

Morocco visit

Rabat (Reuter) - Mr Richard Luce, Minister of State at the Foreign Office for North Africa and Middle East affairs, is in Morocco for a four-day visit.

Plane crash

Hongkong (AP) - Search operations continued for a British doctor whose private plane crashed into a bay in eastern Hongkong on Saturday. Police identified the pilot as Dr Anthony Van De Klee, aged 43, a gynaecologist.

Nakasone back

The Japanese Prime Minister, Mr Yasuhiro Nakasone, returned to Tokyo yesterday from a week-long tour of Pakistan and India - the first Japanese leader to visit the two nations in 23 years. In Pakistan he promised to extend aid worth \$14.9m (£10m) to Afghan refugees.

Lagos (Reuter) - Captain Edet Anibor, military Governor of Nigeria's Cross River state, has been removed four months after his appointment because of "acts of impropriety" while serving as superintendent of the Naval Dockyard.

Haiti arrests

Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe (Reuter) - Police in St Martin, a French Caribbean possession, have arrested 37 people suspected of plotting to overthrow President Jean-Claude Duvalier of Haiti, police sources said.

Why whale died

Orton, Italy (Reuter) - A 39ft sperm whale, washed up on the Adriatic coast, suffocated on 50 plastic bags wedged in its throat. Surgeons also found a bullet and industrial waste in its stomach.

The dead and injured in Spanish tragedy

The eight who died in the accident were: Mr Dennis Peet and Mrs Dorcen Peet of Fallowfield, Manchester; Mrs Elizabeth Galt of Doncaster; Mrs Ethel Wilkinson of Hartlepool; Miss Susanna Windsor-Smith of Woodhouse Eaves, Leicestershire; Mr Graham Brownbridge of Coventry; Mr Michael Gates of Letchworth, Hertfordshire; Miss Joanne Rayner, aged seven, of Leeds; and the Spanish courier, Mrs Bianca Rowe.

Critically injured: Mr R. Britchford of Wellingborough, and Mr P. Marshall of Coventry. Seriously injured: Master L. Rayner of Leeds; Mr A and Mrs G Willey of Spalding, Lincolnshire; Master M and Master S Cox of Coventry; Mr B Pritchard of Gloucestershire; Miss L Frost of Brinsley, Nottingham; Mr E Whitley of Hensford, West Midlands; Mr A Williams of Hensford; Mr S Douglas of London; Mr M Gamble of Leicestershire; Mrs S Brownridge of Coventry.

Minor injuries: Mr P Oxley of Doncaster; Mr A Wilkinson of Hartlepool; Mr A and Mrs J Rayner of Leeds; Mr T. Mrs J. Mr M. Mrs V and Master C Cox, all of Coventry; Miss E Bradley of Gloucestershire; Mr J Langley Mill, Derbyshire; Mr S Whately of Hensford; Master A Douglas of Kingsford, London; Mrs M Britchford of Wellingborough; Miss C Brownbridge of Coventry; Mrs J Jones of Coventry; Mrs M Gates of Letchworth; and the second courier, Mr P Franklin of Corsham, Wiltshire. Paul Whitley, aged two, was unhurt.



Killed: Miss Susanna Windsor-Smith



Seriously hurt: Her fiancé Mr Mark Gamble

European Notebook

EEC's undrunk wine gives farm ministers a headache



Should the city of Los Angeles attempt to experiment with some really novel swimming events at this summer's Olympic Games, it might be interested to know that the EEC has available enough unwanted wine to fill 16,000 championship-sized pools. But since the games organizers are unlikely to want it, the Community agriculture ministers will today have to argue about how to dispose of this surplus of fermented grape-juice, which is causing a bigger headache undrunk than it would if it were consumed.

For with the EEC cost of milk "capped" by the recent farm price settlement, wine is set to take over as the spoiled brat of EEC agriculture. While Europe's citizens soberly reduce their consumption by an average of 0.75 per cent a year, production has continued to rise by over 0.5 per cent a year despite expensive Community schemes for "grubbing out" poor quality vines.

The result is that the wine lake by the end of this year is estimated to be some 440 million gallons deep and all of that will have to be stored and/or expensively distilled. So far this year, the £300m EEC wine budget has been overspent by 13 per cent and by the end of the year it is expected to soak up a further £120m.

In these austere times it seems singularly inappropriate for the Community to be spending its money on wine. The Commission confirmed

last week that it will need at least £1,200m more than it is allowed to collect if it is to make ends meet legally next year. That is in addition to the £1,400m it already believes it will need this year if it is to pay all its bills.

The fact that this money just cannot be found under the present Community rules unless Britain agrees to it, is causing increasing desperation and fury among its partners. It led last Friday, to M Roland Dumas, the French minister in charge of EEC negotiations and a close confidante of President Mitterrand, to raise again the question of a "two-speed Europe" in which Britain would not be expected to pay into, or benefit from, all Community policies.

But if Britain were to drop out in this way it would arguably cost the British taxpayer more than present support for agriculture and - even more important for Mrs Thatcher - it would mean that she would lose her one negotiating trump in the budget tussle.

At the moment, with Britain a full member of the EEC club, it has to give its approval for any increase in the resources the Community so desperately needs. Mrs Thatcher confidently expects that financial necessity will therefore force the others to meet her demands. If Britain were not a full member it would lose that veto right and its negotiating position would be immeasurably weakened.

Both President Mitterrand and Chancellor Helmut Kohl appealed to Mrs Thatcher in their meetings with her last

week to drop her very budgetary approach to Europe, but both found her convinced that this was the only way to relaunch the Community on the right footing.

Meanwhile, however, the growing view in parts of the Commission is that two-speed Europe of a kind could be born of financial necessity. If its ideas for a loan are rejected by the Council of Ministers - and that seems very likely - then all the necessary money will run out on October 20. The Commission argues that since the overspending is the direct result of policies agreed by member states then the member states will just have to pay for the consequences of their actions.

The view is that most countries would readily contribute their share since in most cases this would be cheaper than paying the bills themselves. If Britain refused to pay, then it would, in turn, not be paid from the Community funds and two-speed Europe would be created by default.

All that is one summit and many Council meetings away and it would obviously provide a long succession of field-days for Community lawyers before it happened. But the threat is there.

Meanwhile, the farm ministers will be arguing about spending money they do not have to absorb wine they do not want. It is a problem not of Britain's making, though it has to pay towards solving it. That is another definition of two-speed Europe.

Ian Murray

Costa Rica stays out of manoeuvres

From Martha Honey, San José

Costa Rican and United States officials here categorically deny reports from Washington that Costa Rica will take part in US military manoeuvres in Honduras.

The Minister of Public Security, Señor Angel Edmundo Solano, said that Costa Rica had "no intention either of having manoeuvres here or of sending anyone to Honduras. No Costa Rican official has discussed or was authorized to discuss such a plan with the United States."

Costa Rica has no army, and is protected by an 8,000-strong security force composed of a Civil and Rural Guard. In the wake of recent border troubles with Nicaragua, the US has promised to assist in upgrading the security forces.

As the most stable and democratic country in the region, Costa Rica has consistently resisted US efforts to involve it in military exercises or regional defence pacts. Its centrist Government is, however, under increasing pressure from the right here to abandon its policy of neutrality and align itself firmly with anti-communist governments such as Honduras and El Salvador.

Costa Rican officials said they did not know the origin of the report from Washington. The Foreign Minister, Señor Carlos Gutiérrez, termed it "absolutely not true", adding: "How are we going to participate if we do not have an army?"

The US Ambassador to Costa Rica, Mr Curtin Winsor, said that the report "originated from Managua" and that those making such statements must have "smoked their breakfast". After recent Costa Rican allegations of Nicaraguan incursions, the US has speeded up shipments of military equipment in the pipeline, including 80 Jeeps, 25 patrol boats and two helicopters.

In discussions over the past few days Costa Rica has also asked the Americans for additional assistance, including rifles, small machine guns, mortars and ammunition. "Washington is considering the application, but there is no definite answer yet", said the Foreign Minister.

US military aid to Costa Rica has, under the Reagan Administration, increased from nothing in 1981 to an appropriation of \$10m (£7.1m) for fiscal 1985.

WASHINGTON: Pentagon officials denied reports that Costa Rica was being asked to take part in any exercises the US is engaged in or is planning in Honduras (Nicholas Ashford writes).

Afrikaner extremists join forces to defend 'volk'

From Michael Hornsby, Johannesburg

A new ultra right-wing force was launched in Pretoria at the weekend when more than 7,000 cheering whites attended the inaugural meeting of the Afrikaner Volkswag, which pledged itself to ensure that the 'volk' survives "for the next 1,000 years as a free, white Afrikaner nation".

The 'volk' (people) is the term which Afrikaners use to express their sense of national identity. It does not embrace the remaining 40 per cent of the white population, who are mainly of English descent.

The objective of a 1,000-year white Reich was set before the

Salvadoreans vote for peace Rebels keep a low election profile

From John Carlin, San Salvador

Polling in the Salvadorean presidential election began yesterday morning in surprisingly orderly fashion, offering the latest in a series of recent indications that a political centre may yet be carved out in extremist-ridden El Salvador. The Christian Democrat candidate, Señor Napoleón Durarte, is overwhelming favourite to beat the right-wing nationalist, Major Roberto D'Aubuisson.

The election officials apparently learnt from their mistakes in the first round of voting on March 25, which was an organizational fiasco.

In the town of Santa Tecla, just west of the capital, as all over San Salvador, queues to vote were up to 400 yards long, but they were orderly and good natured.

When people arrived the confusion encountered last time was not in evidence. A controversial new electoral list seemed to have become more comprehensible to organizers and voters alike.

But in the midst of the apparently exemplary electoral process, with everybody questioning saying they were voting "for peace", there were vivid reminders that the civil war, now in its fifth year, is an inescapable fact of life.

Santa Tecla was attacked by guerrillas in election two years ago, and the armed forces yesterday were highly visible. A paralling helicopter flew low round and round the town as hundreds of heavily armed policemen and soldiers, some clearly very nervous, kept watch

Panama polling gets off to a quiet start

Panama City (Reuter AP) -

Voting in the first Panamanian presidential elections for 16 years opened on time yesterday, with queues waiting at polling stations.

At the headquarters of the opposition coalition led by 82-year-old Señor Arnulfo Arias, a spokesman said he had received only two complaints in the first hour of voting.

Señor Arias is a maverick conservative who has been at loggerheads with the military for more than 40 years. He was overthrown in 1941, 1951 and 1968.

His opponent is Señor Nicolas Ardito Barrios, a former Vice-President of the World Bank. He has denied that he is the candidate of the military, but acknowledges his candidacy was encouraged by the defence forces, led by General Manuel Antonio Noriega.

Vietnam veterans sue over Agent Orange

From Trevor Fishlock, New York

Agent Orange, the defoliant sprayed on jungles by the Americans during the Vietnam War, goes on trial in New York today.

The leading defendant in the case is the Dow Chemical Company, of Michigan, the largest supplier of Agent Orange, the defoliant which was sprayed by the Americans to deny cover to their enemies. Dow denies that Agent Orange could have caused the injuries claimed and says it welcomes the lawsuit.

This is the first time that a class action, a lawsuit undertaken on behalf of a group has involved such a large number of people.

As many as 50 witnesses could be called, among them could be Dr Henry Kissinger, former Secretary of State, and General William Westmoreland, who commanded US forces in Vietnam.

Dioxin has been the focus of controversy for years. The US Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) regards it as highly toxic. The minutest traces have been shown to cause cancer in some animals. No body can say how dangerous it

is to man, but fear of its supposed insidious effects is widespread. The largest and most complex case of its kind, a lawsuit on behalf of about 40,000 Vietnam veterans opens in the Federal District Court in Brooklyn. The veterans, who served in Vietnam between 1961 and 1972, are suing seven manufacturers of the herbicide, and the United States Government, claiming that they have been injured by Agent Orange, which contained the chemical Dioxin.

The new movement, which professes to be only a cultural organization, invites comparison, both in name and spirit, with the Ossewabrandwag (Ox-wagon sentinal) the pro-Nazi organization which opposed South Africa's entry into the Second World War on the side of the Allies.

July 1985

THE HOSPITALS

The past five years have seen a doubling of hospital charges for private patients in Britain.

It's a rate of increase far greater than that of inflation which, had it continued, might soon have placed private medicine out of the reach of ordinary people.

At BUPA we have a constant duty to our members to seek to moderate charges in the private sector. It was acting on this duty that we took up a new initiative with hospitals throughout the UK.

As the majority of all private hospital patients are members of BUPA, we were in a unique position to lead a positive drive against rising costs.

And now we are pleased to announce a major new arrangement which is in the long-term interests of our members and participating hospitals.

Among its many aims is a lower rise in hospital charges for BUPA members. In 1984, for example, this should average below the rate of inflation - at around three to five per cent.

The hospitals have also indicated that they will hold these charges for agreed periods and will give BUPA prior notice of any future increase.

And we have set up a simpler system of direct payment from BUPA to hospitals that reduces administration and makes the claiming procedure easier for our members.

A greater stability of costs will be a truly significant step forward in private medical care and will provide BUPA with an even more solid foundation on which to build for the years to come.

When it came to taking a new initiative against the rising cost of private medicine, we were in a unique position.

OUR MEMBERS

As a 'non-profit' organisation, BUPA has one concern above all others - namely the interests of its members.

It means ensuring that we are always active in the development of medical facilities, while at the same time doing all we can to see that private medicine stays within our members' reach.

That is why the latest arrangement represents such a major step forward.

First of all, it should result in smaller subscription increases in the future.

BUPA members also have the assurance of knowing that participating hospital charges are fully covered and that any increase during a member's contract year will be automatically absorbed.

Then there is a simplification of our schemes and how to use them.

And the claims procedure has been streamlined so that you now simply give a completed claim form to the hospital, sign the bills, and leave the rest to us.

BUPA currently pays around £4 million a week in benefits. We cover 30,000 companies including 90 of the top 100 in Britain. And in all we look after 3 million people.

It is a unique and responsible position of size and experience, which has helped us translate the needs of members into a working reality and gain the co-operation of the private medical sector to achieve this goal.

BUPA

It makes all the difference.

Provident House, Essex Street, London WC2R 3AX. 01-853 5212

Peace protest abandoned after militia battles erupt in Beirut

From Our Correspondent, Beirut

Plans for a march to protest against nine years of civil war in Lebanon were cancelled after heavy weekend mortar and artillery battles on two fronts killed more than 20 people and wounded some 140.

Organizers of the peace march had hoped to attract at least 20,000 people yesterday to walk in silence to the Green Line of bunkers, militia positions that bisect the city into Christian and Muslim areas. But Mr Chaffic Sarkis, the Mayor of Beirut, announced late on Saturday that he would not allow the march to be held because of "security problems" in the capital.

Miss Iman Khalifeh, a researcher at Beirut University College, who had been the principal organizer of the demonstration, refused to comment when asked yesterday if she was disappointed by the cancellation.

The fighting began late on Friday after members of the right-wing Lebanese Forces militia retaliated for the deaths of two fighters in a mortar explosion along the Green Line by unleashing an artillery barrage westward. The Muslim militias responded, and the exchanges continued until dawn on Saturday. Some 10 civilians were injured.

As fighting across the Green Line subsided, rival militias of

the Sunni Muslim Mourabitoun and Druze Progressive Socialist Party attacked each other on the streets of West Beirut.

The hour-long gun battle on the usually busy Corniche Maazra thoroughfare - sparked when someone in a speeding car shot and killed a Mourabitoun militiaman - left three dead and four wounded. The militias had fought for three days in March for neighbourhood dominance.

The Sunni-Druze fighting had no sooner died down when sniper fire along the Green Line escalated into shelling attacks on neighbourhoods ranging from the suburb of Ouzai, south of Beirut, to the port of Jounieh to the north. Twenty people, including at least two Lebanese truce enforcers, were killed, and some 125 wounded before the battles subsided.

Ironically, it was a perfect day for a peace gathering. It was hot and sunny and hardly any sniper fire could be heard at the Green Line front.

Jamal, a 17-year-old youth who arrived at one of the march staging areas in West Beirut yesterday despite the cancellation, was angry. "I am ashamed of the people in my country," he said. "No one - no one at all - any more has the courage to stand up for anything any more. (The fighting) Saturday was more reason to march, not less."

China visit enhances prestige of Arafat

Peking (Reuters) - Mr Yassir Arafat, the leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, inspected Chinese weaponry and clambered into a tank yesterday after watching an armoured division on training exercises near Peking.

The official New China news agency said he was accompanied by Mr He Zhenwen, the Deputy Chief of the general staff of China's armed forces.

Mr Arafat visited the tank division near Peking yesterday morning, arriving here on a three-day visit to discuss China's military and diplomatic support for the PLO.

Last night, he had talks with President Li Xianmin. He is due to meet China's effective leader, Mr Deng Xiaoping, today.

The agency did not say whether Mr Arafat had discussed fresh military supplies for his guerrillas from the Chinese, but China has been a consistent backer of the PLO.

Middle Eastern diplomats say Peking, which has no diplomatic ties with Israel, has regularly given the organization

military equipment, including artillery, provided military training for PLO officers and also given medical help.

During his two hours of talks and at a banquet on Saturday night, Mr Zhao Ziyang, the Prime Minister, assured Mr Arafat that China fully supported the PLO as the sole representative of the Palestinians and backed him as its leader.

China's endorsement of Mr Arafat's leadership precedes reconciliation talks in Algiers next week between PLO factions, designed to heal a split within the organization. Mr Arafat's China trip appears designed to enhance his prestige.

In his banquet speech, Mr Arafat, wearing his traditional khaki jacket, black and white scarf and sporting a pistol at his side, said the Palestinian cause was at a grave turning point.

He said it was confronted with a US-Israeli conspiracy to eliminate the Palestinian people's cause and deprive them of their right to survive.

Street-smart Mayor New Yorkers admire Sitting in the shadow of LaGuardia

From Trevor Fishlock, New York

The politics of New York which, like most American cities, is a kind of barony, centre largely on the Mayor and his personality. As Mayor Edward Koch sees it, the job is much more than that of a city manager. The Mayor should be the largest-than-life representative of the American imperial capital - and, in Ed Koch's modest view, he does it pretty well.

The greatest Mayor of New York, by general consent, was Fiorello LaGuardia, who ruled from 1934 to 1945. Mayor Koch's ambition is to be judged greater. At City Hall he sits at LaGuardia's desk and faces a portrait of the hero, as if to remind himself of the competition - and Mr Koch is a very competitive man.

Next year, when he will be 61, Mr Koch will run for his third four-year term in the job he loves - and, although the election is a long way off, there are good reasons for thinking he will win.

There is, first of all, his record. When he became Mayor in 1977 New York was on the brink of bankruptcy. The recovery process was already under way when he came in, but he managed a tough austerity programme and he knew good financial management when he saw it.

The city came back into the bond markets three years ago and now has surpluses which give the Mayor some room to manoeuvre. What he has to do now is strike a decent wage bargain with the unions who run the city: the municipal workers, teachers, police, firemen and transport workers.

Unions are powerful

The trick is not to settle too high. It could affect him politically. Many New Yorkers would hate to see an over-enthusiastic settlement with the unions. Mr Koch has never given the impression that he could be arm-wrestled into submission - but the unions are powerful and they want recognition of their belt-tightening in leaner years and of the greater productivity achieved with a slimmer workforce.



| BOROUGH POPULATIONS | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| | 1980 |
| Bronx | 1,469,115 |
| Brooklyn | 2,230,838 |
| Manhattan | 1,427,533 |
| Queens | 1,891,325 |
| Staten Island | 382,121 |



Pitching in: New York's legendary Mayor LaGuardia (left) joins in a baseball game, and Mayor Koch dons a safety helmet during a visit on board a helicopter carrier.

Mr Koch thinks he does not receive enough credit for the hard-working and honest administration he has established. He asserts that the city is much better off than when he took over. But his critics ask: "What about the homeless, housing, crime, the appalling subway system, traffic congestion, the dirty streets, the potholes?"

Other people's potholes are a tedious subject, but in New York they have become symbolic of the deteriorating fabric of the city. Many of New York's streets are as rutted as farm tracks.

The Mayor has been goaded into action. With a typical flourish he has now announced a "spring offensive" against potholes. New Yorkers wait to see what will become of his promises.

Mayor who loves shouting

City management issues are important, but it is unlikely that they would be critical factors in Mr Koch's re-election.

His patchy relationship with blacks and other minorities could cause him trouble - but probably not enough to unseat him. Seven-tenths of New York blacks said in a recent poll that they would vote against the Mayor, but blacks are only a quarter of the population.

Many New Yorkers dislike Mr Koch's abrasive, contentious manner. His showmanism, his uncontrolled prejudices, his strongly pro-Israel "foreign policy".



Carrying the can: New York's dirty streets and potholes have become symbolic of the deteriorating fabric of the city.

But many, too, like him for just those qualities. They like a street-smart Mayor who loves shouting about New York and has robust ideas. He is not weighed down by the management issues either, and can seem like any other New Yorker caught up in the frustrations of existing in this astonishing place, exclaiming "it's outrageous" when things annoy him.

If next year's mayoral election were to be solely on the issues, the formidable social problems, the rotting physical fabric, Mayor Koch might have a hard time of it. But it will also have to do with his personality and popularity. There is plenty of time for him to fall into a pothole - but the outlook is that he will be a hard man to beat.

Tomorrow: Black resentment

Soviet films to gloss over seamy side of life

From Richard Owen, Moscow

The Kremlin has ordered five Soviet film-makers to stop portraying negative aspects of Soviet life and concentrate on the positive, offering both ideological imperatives and financial inducements to make Soviet cinema even more orthodox than it already is.

The instruction, which bears the stamp of President Chernenko, appeared yesterday on the front pages of all main Moscow papers, headed "On measures for the further raising of the ideological-artistic level of cinema films". It referred directly to remarks made by Mr Chernenko in June last year, when he was party secretary in charge of ideology.

At the June plenum - now regarded as holy writ and constantly referred to as a touchstone of policy - Mr Chernenko criticized writers and film directors who focused on miserable, loose and whining characters. He said Soviet man needed noble goals and ideological convictions rather than films and books about filth and human distress.

The "milk maid meets collective farm tractor driver" genre of socialist realism, which Mr Chernenko seems to favour, has never gone away, and examples may be seen nightly on Soviet television or cinema screens. But an increasing number of films has shown modern Soviet social and personal problems, depicting human dilemmas with wit and sensitivity and often drawing no moral or Marxist-Leninist conclusion.

Yesterday's instruction said some films had reflected the achievements of socialism and "the spiritual development of our society", as well as patriotic and revolutionary themes. But too many others were "weak and uninteresting", dealing with problems far removed from everyday Soviet life. Such films centred on far-fetched conflicts, petty confusions, wretched morals and manners. There was even a tendency to "idealize untold moral norms and ways of life", a reference to nostalgia for the tsarist era which permeates recent films like *Anna Pavlova* and to films praising timeless rural values. Films should "expose imperialism and promote communism", instead, the directive said.

Other popular films which have upset the Kremlin include those which glorify crime and mock the party, such as *In Broad Daylight*, a series of teenage crime films, including *Scarecrow*; films on the middle-age life crisis such as *Dream Flights*; and portrayals of petty corruption and the underworld, headed by the hugely successful *Railway Station for Two*.

Another controversial film awaiting general release is *Yevgeny Vostokov's Kindergarten*, which depicts gritty life and the criminal fraternity in wartime Siberia with frankness and exuberance, and contains several nude scenes. The Central Committee instruction said that to give Soviet films "greater socio-political significance" higher fees would be offered to studio directors, screen writers and technicians.

Complan, the state planning agency, is to pump more funds into the cinema industry, but the burden will fall on Goskino, the state cinema organization, where one of the senior executives is Mr Vladimir Chernenko, the President's son.

A column of 38 Soviet tanks and personnel cars setting out for the region of Zabul was attacked by the guerrillas, exile sources say. After initial rebel successes, the district of Akhond Sahab was surrounded by Soviet and Afghan government reinforcements, and repeatedly bombed from the air.

The guerrillas managed to recover the bodies of 11 of their dead, but many others were left behind, the sources said. Seventeen men were captured alive. Also captured were many cherished weapons, including two rocket-launchers, two 80mm anti-aircraft guns. The overall commander of the operation, Mr Haji Latief, of the moderate National Islamic Front, was wounded.

The previous day, guerrillas of the same organization had captured the important garrison of Akhond Sahab on the border with the North-West Frontier province of Pakistan, forcing the aerial evacuation of several hundred Soviet and Afghan government troops who had controlled the strategic crossing for two years.

Pat on the back for Jaruzelski in Moscow

From Our Own Correspondent, Moscow

East European sources said yesterday that, despite continuing Soviet anxiety over the Polish situation after May Day street protests, the Kremlin had underlined its confidence in General Wojciech Jaruzelski during his visit to Moscow by praising his suppression of "counter-revolution" in Poland. Like the late President Andropov, President Chernenko is uneasy about the failure of the Polish Communist Party to regain authority after the Solidarity era and the imposition of a military regime in Warsaw.

A communiqué on General Jaruzelski's talks with Mr Chernenko and other leaders on Friday and Saturday said that "full unity of views" existed on all important issues, including Soviet-Polish relations, which were based on "socialist internationalism and a community of vital interests". The warm reception for the Polish leader was given lengthy treatment by state television.

In a tough speech at a Kremlin dinner on Friday, Mr Chernenko said that America was still trying to "bleed socialist Poland white" through sanctions and subversion. But he added that Soviet bloc "cohesion and unity helped us stand our ground at a time of trial, and repulsed attacks by our class enemy".

General Jaruzelski said that Warsaw has made mistakes, but assured Mr Chernenko that his Government had ended the "destructive wave of counter-revolution" and was a loyal member of the Soviet alliance. Mr Chernenko also accused the West of making fraudulent arms proposals, a point echoed in the communiqué.

Before leaving Russia, General Jaruzelski attended the unveiling of a monument to Soviet-Polish "comradeship in arms" at Ryazan, south-east of Moscow, where as a young officer he joined the Soviet organized police forces in 1944. Marshal Dmitry Ustinov, the Soviet Defence Minister, said at the ceremony that "imperialist reaction" was using Poland to destroy the socialist system, "but this will never happen".

Earlier Mr Chernenko awarded the Polish leader the Order of Lenin, remarking that he has "averted a national catastrophe" in Poland. General Jaruzelski thanked the Soviet Union for its help in "stabilizing" Poland, and invited Mr Chernenko to visit Warsaw at an unspecified date.

The two sides signed a trade agreement valid until the year 2000, although sources said serious differences on trade remained.

González sets off to visit Scandinavia

From Our Correspondent, Madrid

Spanish Prime Minister, left here yesterday for official visits to Denmark and Finland, after an informal meeting in Madrid on Saturday with Dr Mario Soares, the Portuguese Prime Minister.

Mr González's contacts with leaders of other European countries are the consequence of the government's policy of European integration, according to informed sources, a policy which includes, but is not limited to, membership of the EEC.

Kandahar setback for Afghan guerrillas

By Hazhir Teismorian

Reports just reaching London speak of a major clash in the centre of the southern city of Kandahar in Afghanistan on April 25 which resulted in heavy losses for anti-Soviet guerrillas.

A column of 38 Soviet tanks and personnel cars setting out for the region of Zabul was attacked by the guerrillas, exile sources say. After initial rebel successes, the district of Akhond Sahab was surrounded by Soviet and Afghan government reinforcements, and repeatedly bombed from the air.

The guerrillas managed to recover the bodies of 11 of their dead, but many others were left behind, the sources said. Seventeen men were captured alive. Also captured were many cherished weapons, including two rocket-launchers, two 80mm anti-aircraft guns. The overall commander of the operation, Mr Haji Latief, of the moderate National Islamic Front, was wounded.

The previous day, guerrillas of the same organization had captured the important garrison of Akhond Sahab on the border with the North-West Frontier province of Pakistan, forcing the aerial evacuation of several hundred Soviet and Afghan government troops who had controlled the strategic crossing for two years.

EEC gives \$6bn aid pledge

Seva, Fiji (Reuters) - The European Community, locked in negotiations with Third World countries on a new trade and aid pact, has said that it will provide at least \$6bn (£4.3bn) in aid and investment.

M. Claude Cheysson, the EEC Council president, told a press conference that this had been guaranteed during four days of talks with 64 African, Caribbean and Pacific (ACP) countries this week on a successor to the second Lomé Convention.

The Community committed more than \$6bn to ACP countries under a 1975 accord expiring next February, and M Cheysson said this sum would at least be equalled. Discussions on the question would continue with a fourth round of ministerial talks.

The seven-month negotiations had made remarkable progress, he said, particularly in reaching agreement on guaranteeing the established rights of the previous convention.

The ACP states agreed that headway had been made, but said they were disappointed at the Community's response to proposals for wider trade concessions and more assistance.

Plutonium scare in Australia

From Tony Duboudin

Large areas of the outback of South Australia in the Maralinga region may have to be closed to the public because authorities are afraid of widespread plutonium contamination as a result of British nuclear testing in the 1950s and 1960s.

Mr John Bannon, the South Australian Premier, said that it might be necessary to extend the areas barred to public access in the 30,000 square mile region when a new study is completed of hitherto publicized radioactive burial sites.

A Federal Government survey team, which will include state government observers, will begin the study later this month.

Mr Bannon's comments were made after an unedited version of the British Government's Peace report into the post-war clean-up operation was tabled in the Federal Parliament on Friday.

The report discloses that highly radioactive plutonium was ploughed into the desert, that dust from the area contained 90 times the maximum permitted concentration of plutonium, and that it would be dangerous for anyone to spend more than 90 hours a year in the area.

Njonjo wins delay in testifying at inquiry

From Charles Harrison, Nairobi

A judicial inquiry into allegations that the former Minister of Constitutional Affairs, Mr Charles Njonjo, abused his position or plotted against President Moi continues here this week after a ruling by three High Court judges that he should not be called to give evidence at this stage.

Mr Njonjo has strongly denied suggestions that he was a "traitor" to President Moi, or that he had been involved in any plot against the constitution. The inquiry has been sitting since January.

Some MPs have said that an Njonjo group in Parliament was trying to gain support there, but their evidence has been contested and people said to have been involved have denied it. The counsel leading evi-

dence, Mr Lee Muthoga, caused surprise last week when he said, without warning, that Mr Njonjo should be called to give evidence. Mr Njonjo's counsel, Mr W. S. Devereil, objected, more witnesses were still to be called to give evidence supporting allegations against Mr Njonjo.

Despite the lengthy proceedings, no evidence has been brought to implicate Mr Njonjo in any plot, he said. It would be against natural justice to call him at this stage if further allegations were to be made later.

Mr Devereil said the inquiry had not been told why Mr Njonjo should be called to give evidence then, and repeated complaints that he had been given no indication of what

witnesses were to be called, or what allegations they would make.

There were sharp exchanges between Mr Devereil and the commission, headed by Mr Justice Cecil Miller. The judges accused Mr Devereil of lack of respect, and said it was rude for him to ask them to consider how they would feel if asked to reply to allegations which had not been detailed to them.

The judges, however, ruled that Mr Njonjo should not be called as a witness at this stage. Mr Njonjo, for many years a prominent government figure, resigned his parliamentary seat last year after President Moi sparked a political crisis by announcing that another Kenyan was being groomed by an unnamed foreign power to

become president. Some MPs said in Parliament that Mr Njonjo was the "traitor".

The inquiry was set up to investigate the allegations. Its terms of reference require it to establish whether Mr Njonjo was linked with the abortive coup attempt here in 1982, or with the mercenary attack in the Seychelles in 1981. No evidence has been brought of any such links.

Home again

Long Beach, California (AFP) - Thousands gathered here to greet the US battleship New Jersey as it returned to its home port with 1,300 Marines on board after eight months off the coast of Lebanon.

Thousands flee Sudan for Ethiopia

Ilang, Ethiopia (Reuters) - Political upheaval in Sudan where martial law was imposed last week, has sent thousands of southern Sudanese fleeing to Ethiopia, telling of murder and persecution by the army.

The trickle of refugees which began with the start of unrest last year is becoming a flood. Hundreds have trekked from their homes across swamplands to seek sanctuary in places like the refugee camp at Ilang, western Ethiopia.

Last year, there were about 10,000 refugees at Ilang but the number has risen to 40,000.

"The refugees say they are shot and strafed, their villages are burnt, their women raped, their hands cut off, their crops destroyed and a lot of it I believe," said Robin McAlpine of the office of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees.

The refugees come from the predominantly Christian south. They said they were being persecuted by soldiers from the Muslim north for alleged links with secessionist guerrillas.

●KHARTOUM: Troops and police have detained more than 1,000 people since last week's proclamation of a state of emergency, the state-run daily newspaper *El-Sahafa* said.

The arrests coincide with a government reorganization by President Nimeiry in an effort to eliminate corruption and opposition to Islamic Sharia law.

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Jayewardene offers strategy for devolution and security

From Michael Hamlyn, Colombo

President Jayewardene of Sri Lanka laid out in detail at the weekend his strategy for dealing with the appalling ethnic problems his island republic faces.

In a wide-ranging interview with *The Times* the 78-year-old President made it clear that his plans included two main thrusts: first to yield as much devolved authority to local government as the majority groups will allow, and second, to contain terrorism in the north.

He also made it plain, however, that in the end he would not depend on universal approval from the all-party talks which reopen in Colombo this week. "Ultimately it is the state that has to decide, anyway," he said.

On security he is eager to show his disapproval of excesses of which his troops have been accused. At the same time he is encouraging specialist training in anti-guerrilla techniques by private consultants.

The all-party talks began in January and were adjourned in March. They reopen on Wednesday at the Bandaranaike memorial conference centre here. When the talks began it was hoped that a measure of regional devolution could be agreed that would both satisfy Tamil aspirations and not offend Sinhala sensibilities. The Government is about to offer a scheme it hopes will do the trick.

The conference will be asked to split into two committees. The first will decide what powers should be devolved upon local government. The second will consider the grievances of the minority groups in education, employment and language.

The conference will be presented with a Government-backed plan for devolution. Legislative control of the councils would remain at the district level but each council would have an elected chairman who would be an MP and a nominated minister - also an MP. These two would form a joint executive committee with the chairman and ministers of

one or two other district councils. They would meet under the chairmanship of the President.

The proposal falls a good way short of the kind of regional or provincial councils that the Tamil spokesmen have sought, and they would be regional, and they would have considerable power. Three districts in the northern province, including Jaffna, would be able to get together but would not be able to combine with the other two. Nor would they be able to join with the three districts in the eastern province, who could get together on their own - if they wanted to.

Mr Jayewardene and his new Minister of National Security, the former Oxford University president Mr Lalith Athulathmudali, are therefore relying on a military solution. A group of counter-insurgency experts from Oman, though they have a British background, are giving specialist training to the Sri Lankan armed forces. "They are people who have experience of terrorism," Mr Jayewardene explained.



The President felt that the new tactics were already beginning to pay off. "They seem to be more under control," he said. He was also hopeful that educational measures among the armed forces in the north would reduce the occasions on which the troops themselves reacted against the local population. "They are being told: 'Unless you obey orders, we cannot succeed,'" the President said.

In fact the politicians found it difficult to take more dramatic measures to curb the excesses of their soldiers. "We are dealing with a very sensitive army," the President observed, adding: "We have had three coups in this country, so it is not unusual."

He maintained that if India would take more effective measures against the terrorists it would assist him in containing them. "I don't mean the Indian Government," he said. "I mean Tamil Nadu. They must decide whether it is right or wrong for them to do it."

Home Again

WHO WILL HELP HER BRING UP HER KIDS ALONE?

During 1984/85 the GLC will be spending £50 million on grants to voluntary and community groups.

Certain MPs think that's excessive.

In fact it's less than 2% of the GLC's entire budget.

Certain MPs say the money's being frittered away on what they describe as 'weirdos'.

In fact the main beneficiaries are London's elderly, disabled, homeless, and one-parent families.

Through organisations and charities like Age Concern, The Spastics Society, Cancer Link, Mind and Mencap.

Certain MPs don't seem to care what happens to London's voluntary groups.

In fact all they seem to care about is scrapping the GLC.

GLC COMMUNITY LINKS

SPECTRUM



Three ages of Julie Christie: a Rank starlet; an Oscar for Darling; protesting against Trident

Julie Christie, once a Sixties starlet, then a Hollywood success, now lives in Wales and backs radical political causes. Marcel Berlins met her to talk about her new film – a feminist parable made entirely by women.

Digging for real gold in the hills

It had been made clear by her friend that this was to be a serious interview. Julie Christie does not like talking about showbiz, or being a star, or her love life, or indeed herself. But she was in a new film, and we could talk about that.

What did I think of it, she asked me. This was not the way interviews are supposed to be conducted. I murmured a few words about visually stunning, interesting composition, exciting images, haunting music and so on, and ventured that perhaps I hadn't completely appreciated all its complexities. "Did you get the fact that women are worshipped as objects the same way as money is worshipped?" she asked kindly. Yes, I'd got that far. She nodded, relieved.

The film is *The Gold Diggers*, now at the National Film Theatre. It is not only a feminist film, but also an all-women venture, from the director (Sally Potter) to the most junior electrician. I found its dialogue and voice-overs a little pretentious I said timidly. It was too much of a Yet-film – characters kept saying things like: "I am continuously moving, yet I am still."

I was perhaps showing my age a bit. Miss Christie suggested, although not in so many words, "There are always going to be films made by young people making discoveries for themselves, so there will always be Yet-films. Everything in that film is a quest. We're past Yet-films, we've seen them before: we haven't stopped questioning but perhaps we've stopped showing we're questioning quite so clearly." Her use of the first person plural jolted me, reminded me of her age.

She is 43 now, and seems comfortable with it. Her features are softer than they appear on the screen, her jaw less arrogant, her mouth less full. She was shorter than I had expected, and neater, wearing a white blouse, severe black skirt and black patterned stockings.

Her beauty is more restful than challenging. She speaks with animation, her fingers and hands working enthusiastically to fill gaps when occasionally, words don't come. She listens carefully, pauses for a while, and responds; at first precisely and then, as other thoughts strike her, leaving sentences unfinished as she develops new themes.

It is more than 20 years since the cameras followed Julie Christie on the walk that was to make her the eloquent symbol of a generation. Her part in *Billy Liar* lasted only a few minutes, but it told us everything there was to know about the 1960s Girl – smiling, carefree, direct, innocently provocative, glowing with sexuality, nonchalantly attired, happy to make mistakes, happy to be English. It didn't last long, but Christie was its prototype. *Darling* and *Dr Zhivago* followed. For a while Christie was Superstar, beautiful, talented, and British.

She has found it difficult to shake off that image. Even today most people's immediate reaction to her name, and expectation of her personality, is rooted in her 1960s guise.

"It's been a puzzle to me. I've got a very, very bad memory. I'm almost amnesiac. So people have a better memory of me than I have of myself. And I'm very surprised that people expect me to be something which I don't remember. I don't know that thing I was supposed to have been. It's a stranger to me. And it's very peculiar that people carry around them something which is a stranger to me, and let that image get in the way of what I know I am."

The contrast between the unreality of the worshipped woman on a male erected pedestal, and women's real status in a male-dominated world, is one of the themes of *The Gold Diggers*. Christie's own attempt to discard the pedestal included an almost total, unattractive public silence.

The end of 1960s Julie came, for her, before the decade actually ended. She

went to America, had a much-publicized liaison with Warren Beatty, made a few films – some of them good but none great commercial successes – and faded from the forefront of British consciousness. Shunning publicity, giving few interviews, she spent the latter half of the 1970s back in Britain, quietly making a few more interesting, mainly uncommercial films.

She has reemerged now, though, not fully, still wary of publicity and media attention. "For a short time, in the 1960s, I colluded with the press. I stopped because I became exhausted and nervous. What made me nervous was the basic dishonesty of the whole act, the pointlessness of talking about yourself. Recently I've recognized that I can use publicity, not to talk about myself but about things I want to say."

What she has to say is mainly about issues and causes, rather than politics. She has neither Vanessa Redgrave's obsession with the philosophy of political power, nor Jane Fonda's articulate populist appeal. Her public and publicized utterances so far have encompassed anti-nuclearism (she was active years before cruise and Greenham Common restored the movement to the headlines), animal experimentation, Barclays Bank investments in South Africa and, lately, Nicaragua.

Her feminism, until *The Gold Diggers*, was on a more personal scale. She has consistently refused parts offered to her where she has felt that the woman in the role was being treated patronizingly or subserviently. She was offered the role of the radio reporter in *Under Fire* but thought, on reading the script, that it lacked respect for women war journalists.

The woman she played in *Heat and Dust* was not particularly strong, "but at least she didn't do things through a man. That's what I object to, parts in which women do things through the male protagonists. Playing those sorts of roles can't change anything."

Working on *The Gold Diggers*, with an all-woman crew, was "as an

experience, the most satisfying film I've ever worked on. It makes an amazing difference, being just with women. In all my other films, almost everyone around me was male. It's a slightly lonely position, which you tackle by bantering, and creating a sort of bonhomie. It's a very flirtatious situation.

"It was an enormous relief being with women. There are all sorts of odd things you can do with your own sex which you don't do when there's a man around, even something as trivial as lifting up your skirt and scratching your behind when you feel like it. All the censoring you did when you were with men was unnecessary. Language, behaviour, everything was uncensored."

"And we'd all had a similar politicization process. Women technicians especially have such a raw deal; in getting trained, in finding jobs and so on. And they've become politicized just in trying to find work. Because of our common experience, we could communicate everything in shorthand and it was delightful being able to do that. There was no need for explanations."

Her film career had taken a curious path. Once among the most bankable actresses in the world, her recent films are usually destined for the small independent cinemas or, like *The Gold Diggers*, the film societies; some quickly achieve oblivion. *Heat and Dust* was an exception, but its success was on a modest scale. Why has she apparently abandoned the mainstream?

"I haven't stopped being offered mainstream films. But I'm very picky, very picky, and happy to be so. I look at a script and think, 'this is reinforcing this or that prejudice or attitude', and I turn it down."

"I haven't deliberately chosen to go down a particular line. A line happens to me. I don't construct my career. I'm not the kind of person that makes things happen from source. I'm not an instigator – haven't got the drive. I do

my best with what I get offered."

For someone who appears so keen to get her views across, this seems a surprisingly placid and timid approach to her work. She has a good reputation, good contacts, and presumably, access to sufficient funds to set up a production company to make the sort of films she wants. Fonda, I point out, has managed to combine mainstream acting and production with promotion of her political causes.

"You can't become a different person. Besides, I can't count, and I have a horror of dates and numbers. I prefer to take advice and do what other people suggest."

I ask her about her next project. She won't tell me what it is, but says, "Perhaps if it comes off I'll become all those things we've said I'm not."

As I had expected, she neither offered nor accepted, any discussion of her private life, except to confirm that she is still together with journalist Duncan Campbell (the one at *City Limits*, not the *New Statesman*). But she lives mainly in Wales now with friends and animals, in the farmhouse to which she retreated when America grew stale for her.

She comes to London as seldom as possible. This time she was on her way to Lisbon, for an emergency convention on Nicaragua. A recent visit there has affected her deeply, and made her passionately critical of American policy towards it.

I make a cynical comment about Nicaragua being flavour of the month, while worse deprivations and atrocities are being committed in a host of countries around the world, ignored by the stars and the famous. "It's the flavour of the month because it's on a knife edge. But it can still be saved – something can still happen. Afterwards it won't be the flavour of the month because the United States will destroy it. These people are going to die. I've met them and I care about them, and if we don't do anything they'll die."

FINDINGS

A series reporting on research AUSTRALIAN FOSSILS

Larger than life land

Australia is perhaps the earth's oldest separate land mass. That and the continent's isolation from mankind have made it a repository for some of the globe's most extraordinary animals. Recent researchers into the fossil record, however, are beginning to show that in the past Australia's animal population was even more astonishing than it is today.

Marsupials, predictably, featured prominently in this catalogue of strange beasts. Take the *diprotodon*, for example. A massive pouched herbivore ten feet long and six feet tall at the shoulder, it was probably



The perfect diprotodon skull

the biggest marsupial ever live. Recent finds have been made at Tamar Springs in New South Wales, and at Dinosaur Cove in Victoria. The latter, made in the last few weeks, it thought to be the most perfect diprotodon skull ever found, and was unearthed by Dr Tom Rich of the Victorian Museum in Melbourne.

Maxi-emu

The emu too has larger-than-life relatives. *Dromornis stirtoni* looked like an elephantine emu, ten feet tall and weighing half a ton. The largest bird known from anywhere in the world, it possibly survived until a few thousand years ago. It may be the source of persistent Aboriginal myths which refer to gigantic emus.

These creatures and others like them have caught the imagination of the Australian public in unprecedented fashion over the last few months. A display of dinosaurs from China staged in Sydney and Melbourne recently drew hundreds of thousands of visitors and was probably the most popular public exhibition ever staged in Australia. As many as 10 per cent of the entire population of the two cities are thought to have made a visit.

Fossil-pack

Finds from Riversleigh Station in North-western Queensland amount to one of the most exciting fossil discoveries made in Australia recently. The site is mid-Miocene, about 12-15 million years old. The fossils, preserved in limestone, are packed together in thousands.

Four completely new species of bats have come to light at Riversleigh, some with close relatives in Europe. Until quite recently bats were thought to have arrived in Australia a mere half-million years ago from Asia. Now experts consider them among the continent's earliest placental pioneers.

Nine species of fossil handcoats have also been found. Only two, much more recent, species had appeared in the Australian fossil series previously.

The standard of preservation is extraordinary. In some cases skeletons have survived virtually complete – something almost unknown in the Australian Miocene record. Whole skulls are preserved intact, and occasionally even perfect casts of brains.

What happened at Riversleigh to lead to such preservation is unclear. "There may have been shallow pools with steep sides," says excavation team leader Dr Michael Archer. "Maybe in the dry season there was a margin of sticky mud left at the water's edge, which trapped the animals when they came to drink. The hundreds of bats we have found would suggest that some of the pools may have been in the mouths of caves. But we really don't know."

Pollen check

At the Australian National University in Canberra, high technology is playing its part in deciphering the fossil story. A computer package called *Polis* has been developed by ANU bio-mathematician Dr David Green. It allows the rapid and accurate interpretation of pollen records – essential to the work of palaeontologists and palaeobotanists – and will soon be available worldwide.

In the ANU's Department of Geology two young researchers have devised a method of recovering data which could have wide repercussions in the world of palaeontology.

Henryk Zapasnik and Paul Johnson perfected the technique, which involves immersing fossil-bearing rock in hydrochloric acid in evacuated conditions. The acid dissolves the fossils, which are replaced with a liquid plastic and the surrounding rock is then dissolved in a stronger acid. The result is a collection of perfect plastic casts of the dissolved fossils. Particularly useful for fossils hidden within the body of a rock sample, the technique works well even with tiny specimens under one millimetre in length.

Stone puzzle

A detective story in stone which has puzzled experts for 100 years is drawing to a close for Dr Alex Ritchie, curator of palaeontology at the Australian Museum in Sydney. Ritchie has been on the trail of *Greenlandaspis*, an armoured fish 350 million years old, and until recently known only from Greenland.

Ritchie found examples of the fish in 1970 to 71 during an expedition to Antarctica, where Scott's ill-fated party had reported the existence of fossil fish back in 1911. It seemed clear that the fish could hardly have existed at opposite ends of the globe, but nowhere in between.

Acting on his hunch, Ritchie and assistant Robert Jones joined an army training trip to the rugged

Jemalong Range in Central NSW. He came back with army trucks loaded with rock and the first Australian finds.

More recently, on a study trip to Europe, Ritchie trusted his instinct again and searched several museum collections in Britain. Sure enough, within a week he found specimens of the elusive fish.

"Now that we know better what we are looking for, the fish are turning up all over the place", says Alex Ritchie.

Greenlandaspis had a final trick to play on Alex Ritchie. It turned up in one last place – in a slab of fossil-bearing rock which had been under glass in Ritchie's own gallery since 1966.

Old tracks

Queensland is dinosaur country. Dr Ralph Monar of the Queensland Museum in Brisbane has unearthed Australia's first pterosaur, a member of a long-extinct group of flying reptiles which elsewhere in the world reached wingspans of up to 50 feet. The Queensland version is a "small" six-foot-wingspan model, but it is quite impressive enough.

Queensland scientists are looking closely at Cretaceous sites. This is the period, between 65 and 135 million years ago, when mammals are thought to have started progression towards their modern forms. Land-based vertebrates of this age are rare in Australia, but traces of them are not unknown.

Dr Tony Thiburn of the University of Queensland at St Lucia and Dr Mary Wade of the Queensland Museum are currently studying a dinosaur trackway from the Cretaceous period.

Fossilized dinosaur trackways are not unknown. Other examples have been found in South Africa, North America and Germany, for example. But the Queensland trackway is among the best-studied. From it Thiburn and Wade have been able to learn something about the social behaviour of dinosaurs, and even the speed at which they lumbered across the once-muddy surface – about nine mph.

Tim Griggs

moreover...
Miles Kington

Let them eat gateau

In these days of quick change and fickle public loyalty, it was wonderful to learn that one thing still stays the same: that the favourite menu of the British when dining out is still prawn cocktail and steak and chips, with peas, followed by Black Forest gateau. And no-one is more delighted than Ernest Ventaxia, head chef at the Pork Scratchings service area on the M1, where the Richard Attenborough Grill 'n' Griddle is one of the most frequented restaurants in Britain.

"People are always going to scoff," says Ernest. "In both senses of the word. They're going to say that the British are unimaginative and unadventurous. But, blimey, the British have got tradition, that's what they've got. If you took a poll like this in France, you'd probably find that *nouvelle cuisine* had swept the board and that the French idea of a night out was kiwi fruit soup followed by Camembert sorbet. They've forgotten all about *vieille cuisine*, you see. Mark you, the English haven't cottoned on to *vieille cuisine* yet, but give them time."

Ernest reckons he must serve upward of ten thousand prawn cocktails every day, with the same number of steaks and a lot more of chips. It's not just passing trade he gets: people come back time after time to sample his cooking. But why?

"Difficult to say. Partly loyalty, partly word of mouth. Mostly, though, it's because there'd nowhere else to eat. Yet people also come here for functions – I mean, I've done weddings, 21st parties, army reunions, you name it. There's one Good Food Guide inspector comes here a lot. Know why? Because he knows he won't bump into any Good Food Guide readers. Load of snobs."

"They're the kind that will tell you that the British always play safe. But, blimey, prawn cocktail is as foreign as you like. Mediterranean, I'd guess. Steak and chips is very popular in Belgium. Steak frites, I believe they call it. The French eat a lot of peas. Mark you, only the British mash them with the back of their fork, but that's tradition for you again. And Black Forest gateau – well, how foreign can you get?"

Ernest Ventaxia (the name is Greek and means heavenly fragrance) does other dishes, of course. Cream of tomato soup is one. Roast chicken is another. Fried plaice and mixed grill are two more. Various pies are another seven or eight. But these he regards as verging on the exotic, and he's at his happiest when sticking to prawn, steak and gateau.

"Nobody thinks it odd to drink the same brand of bitter every night, so why should it be odd to eat the same menu every night? Is it wrong to kiss the same wife every night? Well, then."

If you'd like to try cooking this popular British meal for yourself, here's how Ernest does it.

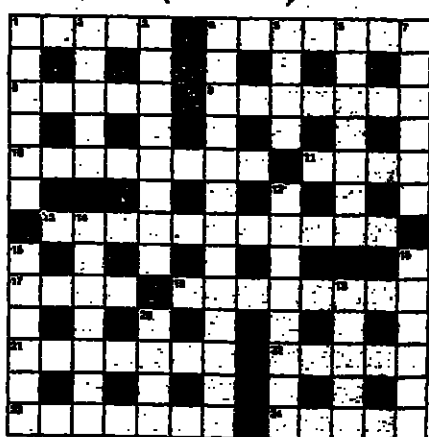
Prawn cocktail. Into a wine glass put enough shredded lettuce to reach the brim. Add nearly half a dozen prawns (frozen are best) and top with Million Island Dressing from a catering dispenser. If business is slack, decorate with a sliver of lemon.

Steak, chips and peas. The customer will tell you whether he wants the steak well done, medium or rare. Whatever, cook it the night before and heat up at the last moment in a micro-wave oven. Chips should be cooked in a cauldron of deep fat, 2,000 at a time – enough for 100 people. The best kinds of chips are those found in large sacks left outside the door early in the morning. Peas come from a tin; follow instructions on label. Garnish with salad left-overs from prawn cocktail.

Black Forest Gateau. Remove from box

and *voilà* – a perfect meal! No wonder it's number one in Britain. And don't forget: if you present this copy of *Moreover* at the Pork Scratchings Service Area, you'll get a free cup of coffee, boiled according to Ernest Ventaxia's own special method.

CONCISE CROSSWORD (No 335)



- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1 Skull cavity (5) | 1 Scattered (6) |
| 4 Be worthy of (7) | 4 As no time (5) |
| 8 Light sketches (5) | 3 Sniffing (5) |
| 9 Inactivity (7) | 4 Sporadic amounts (5, 5, 5) |
| 16 Radio (8) | 5 Summer (4) |
| 11 In this place (4) | 2 Withdraw (7) |
| 13 Great generosity (11) | 7 Tooth covering (6) |
| 17 Gearwheels (4) | 12 Food of gods (8) |
| 18 Farming (8) | 14 Annunciation prayers (7) |
| 21 Crisp soldiers (7) | 15 Large prawns (6) |
| 22 Stunted vegetation (5) | 16 Verbena (6) |
| 23 Internal organs (7) | 19 Lowest nobleman (5) |
| 24 Make void (5) | 20 Collar fastener (4) |

Recommended dictionary is the New Collins Concise

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SPFA

July 20 1982

MONDAY PAGE

Coming to the aid of the party

Growing up and learning social graces is seldom easy. Margaret Drummond gives a bank holiday report on the pitfalls of giving parties and Sarah Hogg offers a personal view

One social event which went mercifully unreported in the gossip columns last year was my daughter's fifth birthday party. It was a disaster. I thought I had been terribly clever planning babies, thus avoiding having birthday parties inside the house. But on the day of June 22 a tropical storm broke at 4pm, just as 15 children arrived. Sausage rolls, jellies and a dozen now sodden varieties of crisps and monster munchies were whisked into the kitchen where the children pushed and shoved, two-to-a-chair. Worse came when the electricity was cut off in the middle of musical bumps. Ed Stewart and his top ten kiddies' favourites were upstaged by frantic screams as the lightning flashed. To cap it all, the lady from the village and prizes was one and a half hours late - her bathroom had flooded. No more parties, I decided. From now on it was going to be small select groups to the pictures followed by hamburgers at McDonald's.

Beyond oranges and lemons

Everyone, apparently, reaches the stage of realizing that Oranges and Lemons plus a motor car lovingly sculpted from chocolate sponge and Smarties is either not enough for the kids, or simply too much effort for parents. "It's hopeless having parties for boys after the age of eight," said my doctor last weekend when I delivered Lucy to his five-year-old birthday. "It's just awful, you can't do a thing with them." His 10-year-old son had broken a collar bone at a party just before Christmas - while dancing, apparently.

According to older and more experienced mums I am at the second stage of party-giving. Little girls enter a no-man's land between the ages of seven and 12 with tea at a hotel a great favourite, or an outing to the theatre. Boys go in for pool parties, trampoline parties (strictly before tea) or the pictures. My seven-year-old son is already planning his August spectacular - a film, tea at the swimming pool and five-a-side football when they get home.

I should be grateful. For very soon we shall be worrying not what to do with them, but what not to let them do. The problems of parties appear to



Party-goers: Cressida Miller (left), aged 15, loves Islington parties best, but her sister Lucasta, aged 17, now finds them rather a bore

get worse as the children get older.

It seems 13 is the unlucky age. That is the beginning of the third, and most excruciating stage of the party scene.

"It's a nightmare," Jennifer Woodley from Sheffield, says. "From about the age of 11 they start hankering for something more grown up, but they don't know quite what it is. It's not organized games - it's disco music and crepe paper over the lightbulbs and some kind of buffet - sandwiches and sit down teas are out. Last year Rhinon turned 13 and demanded a 'proper' party. The pressure was on. OK, finish at 10 we said. There was an argument, and amazingly we were browbeaten by our own friends who said we couldn't shame her. We compromised, but she backed out of the whole thing before we got down to arguing about alcohol. She was new in her school and didn't really know what sort of party she should be giving. She'll know next year, of course, and I am dreading it."

And no wonder. The memories of parents who have given parties for their teenage children, and lived to tell the tale, make lurid listening.

"Drink is the real problem," said a Sussex mother. "You could have quite a big age range at a teenage party - 14-year-olds who have never tasted a drop and 17-year-olds who can manage a fair amount. When our eldest daughter turned 16 we compromised - we had to add the brandy to the punch in front of her so honour was satisfied. No other spirits allowed. Three girls smuggled in a bottle of Martini that time. The second party we gave for the guests at the door. At the first party we invited some of our own friends round for the evening in another room. For the second we patrolled the house and our friends simply couldn't face it again. The guests had to stay the night and we all went to bed at two - or so I thought. When I got up the next morning I wondered why all the children looked so exhausted. Weeks later I discovered that they had all got up

again after we were asleep and played strip poker till dawn."

Worse can happen. Winston Fletcher, head of the Ted Bates advertising agency gave an 18th birthday party for his daughter Amelia at his home in Oxfordshire last New Year's Eve and has been dining out on the strength of it ever since.

Gatecrashers are a real problem

"The mess was quite unbelievable," he says. "I really hadn't realized how difficult it is to cope with inebriated 18-year-old boys - particularly when they are all bigger and stronger than you. I am absolutely certain there was no intentional vandalism or anything. But there was a great deal of damage with broken bottles and cigarettes - it would have been far worse if I hadn't insisted on paper cups. Two of my daughter's girlfriends were so frightened of the boys they came upstairs and watched TV with me - rather sweet really. We live in a very remote area so I insisted that people bring sleeping bags and stay the night. I went to bed at two; woke up at four to the sound of a picture smashing. I got up just after six absolutely furious. But when they all finally came to, they were terribly polite and helped clean up. One said to me 'I don't suppose it's any consolation, but this is only average debris'. We spent two days shampooing the carpets and had to have the main rooms in the house repainted."

'We spent two days shampooing the carpets and had to have the main rooms in the house repainted'

Party-giving parents seem a benevolent bunch, agonising over how to give their children a good time with the minimum damage to life, limb and the furniture, while wondering whether they should disappear completely, go upstairs or play sergeant-major.

John Whitmore, from Kent, gave a sixteenth birthday party for his daughter Christina a few weeks ago. "There was a lot of mess, but it went off very well. Christina wanted us to stay around. She told us to put things in the house away. We made the party strictly by invitation only - gatecrashers are a real problem and we had a live band. You have to make these things different in some way."

Cambridge stockbroker's wife Sally Oliver, a proud mother of Sophie, who is 14, told me "quietly honestly they have so many discos at this age, it's a bore. We are organizing parties to these teenage charity balls for the first time this year. They are all listed in the Sloane Ranger Handbook - it's come in awfully useful - and the cost is about £15 a head. It's good because they'll be used to it by the time they are 18 and getting all self-conscious."

But what do the children themselves think of the party



Drinking: Winston Fletcher



Having a ball: Sophie, 14, and her mother Sally

scene - and the way parents behave?

My guide here was Cressida Miller, a 15-year-old North Londoner with an encyclopaedic knowledge of party scene. The worst party she ever went to, was in a rather grand house in the country. When we arrived we found the father walking the grounds with his shotgun and dogs," she says. "The mother had expected about 30 people, but 100 had actually been invited. She thought we were all gate-crashers and spent the evening trying to get us to the nearest pub. Because it was so far out we expected to stay the night, so after the party she locked all the girls in one room for the night - we couldn't even open the

window and had to beg to the loo."

The "best parties in the world" are in Islington, according to Cressida. "Everyone goes to Islington parties." Hampstead parties aren't so good. "No one can ever find the right address." But her elder sister, 17-year-old Lucasta has outgrown parties. Lucasta is taking A levels at Westminster School, which has had a sobering effect on her partying.

"At the moment I like having friends round for dinner instead," she says. "In my first year at Westminster I used to think all that loud music in dark rooms with people stumbling around in their sunglasses was rather glamorous and risqué, but I'm slightly bored by it now."

PENNY PERRICK

I still prefer gin to ginseng



Opening a pleasant-looking parcel to find an autographed copy of Barbara Cartland's *Getting Older* put 15 years on me in two seconds flat. (Style note: Miss Cartland's bold signature was dashed off in Cartland pink ink, to match the book's vibrant jacket).

I mean, why me? Has she noticed something that my best friends dare not mention? Dowager's hump? Terminal crow's feet? Was there anything I could do about it? According to Miss Cartland, there certainly was. I could take scads of vitamin tablets, including Miss Cartland's special capsule called GEB6, which is a sort of cocktail that calms you down and revs you up at the same time. Also recommended is a "youth pill", known as SOD, which irons out the wrinkles you may have accumulated on account of uncalled for books dropping through the letter-box.

A trip to the health food shop, the purchase of a few magic bottles, and I could, the book suggests, join the band of ageing heroines Miss Cartland most admires: Mrs Indira Gandhi, Mrs Roalynn Carter and Diana Vreeland. Yet I hang back. For Miss Cartland, an unstoppable 82-year-old, has ideas about old age which are incompatible with my own.

The idea behind vitamin therapy, spoonfuls of honey, ginseng and thinking beautiful thoughts is that they enable you to become an old lady who is pretty much the same as a young lady you once were. Age, to Barbara Cartland, is just a continuation process - more interests, more travel and, above all, more work. One might also add more discipline and more self-control. Early nights, wholesome food, and non-alcoholic beverages are very much part of the Cartland plan.

At the moment, they are part of mine too for I have reached that time of life called the age of responsibility, when one gin too many could threaten my livelihood. This is not a period I wish to see extended. My vision of happy old age is a sort of belated adolescence - irresponsible, idle and shocking to those of a different generation. Unlike Miss Cartland, Mrs Gandhi, Mrs Carter and Mrs Vreeland - women it would be difficult to accuse of slopping about - I intend to lie on sofas rather than go to exercise class; eat chips and drink in bed until lunchtime.

I don't think I'll emulate Miss Cartland's style of personal presentation either. Although her eyebrows are perfect semi-circles, her eyelashes as dense and furry as bear cubs, her lips gleaming coral, I am mindful of what another ancient and beautifully camouflaged authoress once told me, which was, "The trouble with growing older is that every day you have to get up a bit earlier to look as good as you did the day before."

Should I, with or without SOD, ever reach 82, I shall consider life too short to stick on extra eyelashes. Come to think of it, should someone as brimful of vitamins as Miss Cartland need all the gorgeous artifice she paints on daily? Maybe she has yet to discover a potion that gives you naturally turquoise eyelids.

How wonderful is the old age of Miss Cartland, for here she is writing more than 20 books a year, just as she did in her middle years and those of her youth. And how equally wonderful will be my own golden age (provided that I reach it) since my plan is, after a lifetime of prim propriety, to grow old disgracefully.

To be published this month by Sidgwick & Jackson at £7.95.

There's a war going on around here, and its name is Women versus The Computer. Two of the most worked-over battlegrounds in the affray are the home and the office, both areas which are currently full of walking wounded. Bill Wyman's girlfriend Kelly is one of them. She thought that life with a Rolling Stone would be exciting, but all Bill wants to do all day is press buttons. "God, I hate it," said Kelly. "The computer is his girlfriend, not me. He certainly spends more time with it. We have terrible rows about it, during which I scream and scream."

At the workplace, women who've been made redundant by a winking machine know that screaming won't do them much good so they've taken to computer crime instead.

In Austria, more than half of all technological villainy is carried out by women, using tactics designed to bring about the utmost confusion in the enemy ranks. Female operators, just for the heck of it, wipe out their computer's memory and feed in duff programmes which lead to crazy computer decision-making. Tomorrow, I have been summoned to meet the office computer to fool around a little. It had better not get on the wrong side of me, that's all.

COMMENT

Out of school

It is not normal for parents to take strike action against their children. Responsible mothers and fathers rarely withdraw parental services to gain pecuniary advantage.

It is curious, therefore, that schoolteachers who are contracted to stand in loco parentis and who are paid thousands of pounds a year for so doing, do not hesitate to take disruptive strike action.

The abandoned youngsters, who have a right or two of their own, are left to ponder the aggressive absenteeism of those who aspire to educate them. Are we to suppose that they find the example of their elders inspirational?

It would be unfair to give the impression that all the teachers' unions are equally keen to desert the blackboards and overhead projectors at the drop of an increment. But the two largest, known affectionately as the "nutters" and the "masses" (NUT and NAS/UNT National Association of Schoolmasters' Union of Women Teachers), respect a bit of firm discipline. When their leaders say "Out", out they all go and no arguing.

At the heart of the teachers' militancy on pay there lies a single massive misconception: "schools exist for the benefit of

their staff." Or "the function of education is to provide safe unsocialized jobs for the educators." What has been lost is the notion of education as a disinterested service to the young; that a teacher's vocation is to teach whatever the cost and sacrifice.

These are unfashionable views, but society needs to rediscover them. Most teachers are paid far too much already. And they are paid it, in many cases, for doing far too little.

Teachers have, vast lengthy holidays, they are practically unaccountable as to their efficiency, they enjoy almost boundless autonomy in their own classrooms and are nearly impossible to sack.

If a person's aim in life is to make money, he should go into business, commerce or coal mining. If his instincts lead him to shoot from the mouth he should become a politician or a lawyer. But if he has a vocation to give to others he must go into the church, medicine, social work or teaching.

Such a person has no need of a union. It is a professional association that he deserves - and that is a very different thing.

John Pearman

The author is a London headmaster.

The labour of love leads to this . .

It felt like the beginning of the end, but it seems to have been just the end of the beginning. My friend Anna and I have just given our first disco for her Robert, 14, and my Charlotte, 13. With no previous experience we were like those pregnant for the first time: an easy prey to the horror stories of the old hands.

The whole labour, indeed, seemed remarkably like childbirth. We depended on the disco experts with the awe normally reserved for the medical profession. Like modern parturition, the modern party is high-tech: we were quickly immersed in the science of strobe lighting. Having the fathers there seemed equally essential. We had gone through children's parties with token dressing gown and cotton wool beard. But those chubby guests of yesterday had grown into daunting greenstick adults, and

we needed male support.

A teenager seems to develop as fast as a foetus. Nine months ago Charlie lived in hair slides and jeans, now she monopolizes my blow-dryer and had her ears pierced for Christmas. (Half the class, whose mothers wouldn't pay up, did it themselves with darning needles.) For the disco, dress was black, white or gold - quite our best idea: easy for the shy, an opportunity for the exhibitionist. Robert wore cricket gear, very Gatsby, with the green flashes on his shoes painted gold. Watching Charlie bopping in my gold lurex, I knew what it meant to lose the shirt off your back.

I knew it even better when the music, organized brilliantly by Anna, really started: because they danced, all of them, wonderfully, enthusiastically, mix'n'match, non-stop. No sticking with one partner for an hour or an evening, as I remembered: as soon as I got

the lastmatic on one couple, it had split up and regrouped with much laughter and energy. Misled by our memories, we made them play a silly game after supper, fearing that otherwise they wouldn't come upstairs to dance: they humoured us kindly, and then got on with the real business of the evening.

An incredibly handsome 16-year-old asked me to dance: Charlie confessed she'd had to promise to dance with him herself, "for a whole five minutes," to persuade him. After that Anna and I stuck to our own small sons, and withdrew before we became too much of an embarrassment.

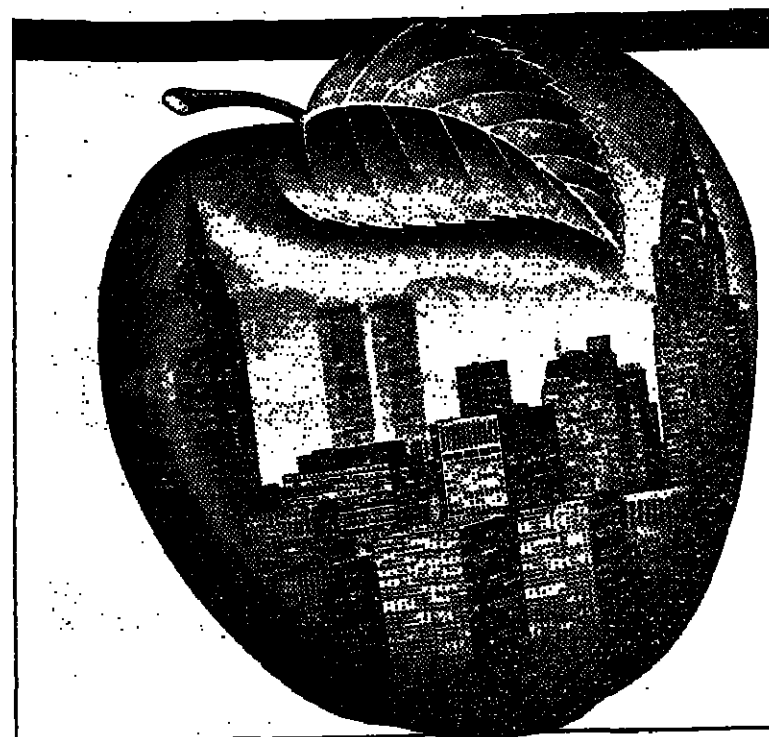
We could have saved money on the food; we didn't accept the good advice that they were past the guzzling stage, at least while involved in the alarming experience of social life. I never want to see another chicken leg. Other dire warnings were not

borne out, perhaps we were lucky. They'll smuggle in hard liquor pinched from home, we were told, to beef up the innocuous drink. Or they'll slope round to the nearest pub, which you must warn in advance. (It must, in fairness, be recorded that when two of the longest lumbered towards the front door, our "reliable" fathers vanished; but we'd paid my ten-year-old to stand guard, and he redirected them.)

The cigarettes that surreptitiously appeared seemed all of the straight forward variety, though we'd been warned of worse in central London: the one cigar-smoker at least wasn't sick - not in our house, anyway. Boys are particularly sensitive about age, we discovered, although a 17-year-old, delivering his sister, flattered us immensely by staying to the bitter end, pronouncing the party to have "great atmosphere." (The other com-



Glamour: Charlotte Hogg



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PARIS DIARY

Frank Johnson

Privacy made public

In this city, a sign that a politician, an entertainer or a public figure is really unfamous is when they have not been asked to say something in public about their private beliefs or private parts. In one such collection, the venerable rock 'n' roll artist, M. Johnny Hallyday, combines the two in one answer: "I believed in God until the day when the priest put his hand on my bottom."

This may be unsound theology, but we students of this French confessional literature regard it as a masterly summation of the form. The anthology in which M. Hallyday makes this contribution is called *Police Raid*. The idea being that a lot of famous people have been rounded up and are being questioned by the police. The conventions of such books pose problems for the people being questioned. How to make oneself sufficiently interesting to ensure that one's contribution stays in the book, and thus adds to one's fame, while at the same time not creating insuperable difficulties with wives, husbands, families, voters or the law.

Thus a well-known pop singer named Sheila (no surname) is interesting, but finally safe, ground when she denies an apparently widespread rumour that when she went into hospital with a sudden illness, it was really to have an operation changing her into a man. "It is as unbelievable as saying 'De Gaulle is a homosexual'," said Mme Sheila. "I am a woman. I have a video film of my child being born," she adds perhaps conclusively.

In the same volume, M. Yves Montand, who has just published a book, denouncing the left of which he was once a great figure, confesses that he was once in love with a young boy. But he quickly goes on to explain that he too was a young boy at the time, and then talks a lot about Mme Simone Signoret and his children. And so all is well. Has he ever touched hashish? he is asked. "Yes," he replies. All France waits with foreboding for further clarification. "Two or three times in 1968 in Hollywood. It just made me lark about."

Next General Bigard, famous because he is France's most decorated soldier and because he is always being quoted in books like this. First he confirms that he is France's most decorated soldier. "I've got the Croix de Guerre, 25 citations, the Grand Cross of the Legion d'Honneur not counting the American and British stuff. I've put on all my medals, it would be worse than Bokassa." His confession: when he was in a coma, as a result of an accident with his parachute, he distinctly heard a doctor say: "If he comes out of this, he'll be intellectually useless."

No such hostages to fortune are given by the politicians. Several of them are to be found in another book called *Happiness, Life, Death, God*, edited by M. Jean-Yves Boulic, which work, as its title suggests, covers everything. "When I think of God," President Mitterrand replies, "no name comes spontaneously to mind. I am habituated to consider that the representation, if not the existence even of such a God, is identified with Jesus Christ, because I have been formed and I live in a society where that representation is dominant. . . . should I believe in God, that would not make me believe that I am sure to last after my life under one form or another assuming my identity," which would appear to ready M. Mitterrand for all possibilities.

Asked about God, Miss Jane Birkin, a British actress who has gone native here, replied: "I was seduced", which suggested that she had changed the subject. "I was seduced from my youngest days by the destiny of saints," she said, clarifying her position. A second British girl, Miss Charlotte Rampling, who being bilingual appears in almost as many films here as in Britain, continues with tremendous form shown by Miss Birkin in this essentially French sport. "I believe that there is in space an absolute force which is not god in the religious sense of the word, something which controls this planet. The inexplicable: the cosmic force," says Miss Rampling, thrashing President Mitterrand at his own game.

General Bigard was included in this one, too. "40 years of the military life and 22 years of war in Indo-China and Algeria. . . . God? But I do not know him. He has never shown himself to me. But I always believed in Father Christmas." It was unclear whether the general had formed this opinion before or after he came out of that coma.



"Gerald went to one and lost three inches off the thickness of his wallet."

BARRY FANTONI

A picture of health

Brian Edwards, administrator of Trent Regional Health Authority, answers the critics of the Government's NHS reforms

The Government's plans to introduce general managers throughout the National Health Service has, like any change in the NHS, produced a mighty groundswell of resistance. Doctors fear for their clinical freedom. Nurses fear they are about to become once again "handmaidens" to doctors and new autocratic chief executives. The death of "consensus" in NHS management is proclaimed.

I believe many of these fears to be groundless, and that the Griffiths report on NHS management offers an exciting and challenging future. Here is my vision of the future at a meeting of the executive team of a large hospital in three or four years' time, chaired by its new Griffiths-style general manager.

The first point to note is that the NHS is still around - neither Griffiths nor the Government has destroyed it.

It is an interesting time for the NHS. For the latest public expenditure white paper has just shown, for the first time in years, a doubling of the growth rate for the NHS.

The reason is that the new chairman of the NHS management board, asked the question when he was first appointed: "How can I make a decisive impact on the health of people in this country, and how much will it cost me?" Because he linked investment with specific results, he got approval for the first national action plan for health.

The Department of Health, by this time, is almost unrecognizable. It is down from 2,500 to some 200 staff, a blend of civil servants and NHS managers. Euston Tower and Hannibal House, two of the mighty

office blocks of the DHSS, have been sold off.

There is much less interference from the department in the day to day management of hospitals. Regions, districts and hospitals are left to get on with the job. But those left at the centre are much tougher on the strategic issues - setting targets and demanding evidence that they are being met. The unit team at my hospital is working out what it can deliver in return for a slice of the extra money.

The general manager is bringing his colleagues up to date with the first round of consultant reviews. In this hospital, beds, operating theatre time and out-patient facilities are allocated to each consultant on a five-year basis. In the fourth year, the consultant meets the general manager and medical colleagues to review the way resources have been used, and what changes are proposed.

An elderly consultant surgeon has agreed to give up two sessions a week to a younger, more energetic orthopaedic surgeon. That fits with the hospital's target of cutting the waiting list for hip transplants.

The ophthalmologists have agreed to reduce their beds for eye patients, in return for better access to a day surgery unit. The obstetricians, after a debate that can only be termed "vigorous", have agreed they can cut

the number of maternity beds while still providing the same service.

One physician is standing firm against a change on a point of principle. It is agreed he can put his case direct to members of the health authority.

This process has proved difficult and challenging to the consultants. But they have gone along with it because they have been involved in the discussions that led to decisions, and they can see they are getting more out of the resources available and can thus treat more patients.

The nursing officer, who because of her special skills is personally responsible for reshaping the mental handicap services (not just the nursing component, but the whole service), gives her report.

In this unit, narrow disciplinary or professional barriers are being broken down - the job to be done and skills and strengths of the more senior managers are more important than their discipline.

The general manager then asks each colleague for their contribution to the new Quality Assurance Programme.

The outpatient manager - a new post - reports that patients are no longer just going to be called in for appointments, but consulted on convenient dates. If the doctor is late, they will be given an explanation. He mentions the improved

tea service and supply of flowers, sponsored by a local firm, for outpatients. The consultant remarks wryly "the way we are going, NHS patients are going to get a better service than in my private rooms".

The general manager asks what has happened to patient food services. There is a difficulty because the catering, nursing and porter staff can't agree. He intervenes, chairs a meeting and sorts it out.

The works officer agrees a standard for the bed head units, with their call buttons, radios and oxygen supplies. They will all work within three months - for the first time ever - and will be fixed within 24 hours.

The general manager has been in his job for two years. His blond hair has turned white. But he is surviving, and his staff have a strong sense of purpose and achievement. He sees his job as leading a team. He is careful about intervening in professional matters, and scrupulous about doctors' clinical freedom. But he does demand results, and he gets them.

The meeting could include a range of other items: how the preventive health programme is to be run, what further information doctors need to draw up better clinical guidelines.

Like his counterparts higher up the service, the general manager is demanding a clear return on investment, and wants results measured. Morale is high, staff are proud of the service, resources better used and patients more satisfied. MPs are becoming convinced that the NHS really is good value for money.

Bernard Levin views the Pre-Raphaelite 'pack of lies' at the Tate



The Pre-Raphaelite style. Left: Millais' *The Blind Girl*; top: *Christ in the House of His Parents* by Solomon and Millais; and, above, *The Death of Chatterton*, by Wallis - "The poet has plainly never been alive".

The barren Brotherhood

In 1967, the Royal Academy put on a very large exhibition of the work of Sir John Millais, PRA, the first such show to be mounted for a good many decades; I felt I ought to go, as I had never seen any substantial number of the works of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood at one time, let alone nearly 400 by a single member of the group.

After about three-quarters of an hour touring the Academy's Millais-laden walls, I began to feel very ill, and after a further half-hour, I began to suffer from hallucinations; half an hour after that, I rushed screaming into the street, and I knew no more until I came to in a darkened room which, I noted with some surprise, had bars on the windows. I was told by the police officer at my bedside that I had been arrested when sitting stark naked in Fortnum and Mason's Soda Fountain, drinking cup after cup of hot chocolate and insisting that was the Empress Dowager of China.

Very careful nursing, and the love of a good woman (several, actually), enabled me to leave the institution in a matter of months (my friends in high places had seen to it that the scandal was hushed up, and an anonymous benefactor paid Fortnum's bill for the hot chocolate). I was told by the doctors that the twitch would be permanent, as would my habit of suddenly screaming in my sleep, but that if I eschewed all excitement I might well live, after a fashion, for a good many more years.

Time went by: I felt gradually stronger; when I learned, a few weeks ago, that there was a huge exhibition of the Pre-Raphaelites at the Tate, I reasoned that a period of 17 years' convalescence was surely sufficient, and paid it a visit. I went right round it very carefully; I went right round it again; I looked at every picture at least twice; then darkness descended. I was found several days later wandering about the Quaker's insisting to the sheep (my only audience) that my relatives

were trying to murder me for my money; I was also carrying a jug, which I repeatedly implored the same sheep to fill with hot chocolate.

The men in the white coats will be here any minute; please listen carefully. Never, in all my life, not even at the exclusively Millais exhibition in 1967, have I seen so much sickening rubbish in one place at one time. There are 250 exhibits; there are not a dozen among them - this is not a number plucked from the air to make my point, but the result of counting as I went round - which can be looked at without revulsion, let alone which can be thought of as works of art.

My feelings are not simply, or even mainly, a reaction to the sentimentality, horrible, false and dehumanizing though it is. Nor did I find the exhibition so repellent solely because of the suffocating ugliness and vulgarity of the draperies, the hideous colours and even more hideous combinations of colours, the putrescent flesh-tones, the brutal "butch" women favoured as models, the doll-like children, the perfumed animals, the drawing-room trees, the salt-free sea. All these charges are true, far more deeply and poignantly true than my few adjectives can convey, but they are not the worst. The worst goes to the heart of the exhibition and of the Brotherhood itself. From the first room to the last, these pictures are a pack of lies.

I must explain what I mean. Among the Pre-Raphaelites' preferred themes, there are three which are worth taking particular note of. There are religious pictures - of Christ, of Apostles, of saints; there are Shakespearean scenes; and there are historical episodes, recording actual or imagined events, these particular often being equipped with titles like the triple-decker captions to old Punch cartoons, such as *Brenegaria's Alarm for the Safety of her Husband*, *Richard Coeur de Lion*, *Awakened by the Sight of his*

Girdle Offered for Sale at Rome, or A Huguenot, on St. Bartholomew's Day, Refusing to Shield Himself from Danger by Wearing the Roman Catholic Badge, or A Converted British Family Sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids. (These are not parodies by me, but the actual titles, capitalization and all.)

Now if you look closely at the faces and the disposition of the bodies in the pictures of all three of these groups, you will be struck by the emptiness and inauthenticity of them: vapidity and lifelessness are the dominant characteristics. Ford Madox Brown's *Christ washing the feet of St. Peter* looks like a respectable assistant at Lilley & Skinner showing a customer the latest line in patent leather; Millais' *Ferdinand Lured by Ariel* looks like a man asking directions near Heathrow and obliged to cup both ears to hear the answer; it is not surprising that Henry Wallis' *Chatterton* is dead, for the waxwork he has made of the poet has plainly never been alive.

The more elaborate the detail, the more direct the allegory, the more familiar the scene depicted, the more banal, unimaginative and superficial (I have never seen, not even in a Jackson Pollock, paint spread so thick to make a picture so thin) is the result; if you listen carefully before Holman Hunt's *Rienzi Vowing to Obtain Justice for the Death of his Young Brother*, *Slain in a Skirmish between the Colonna and Orsini Factions* (another title I have not invented) you can hear the model whining that he is getting pins and needles in his right leg and please can he have a cup of tea, and if you look no less thoroughly at Millais' *Ophelia* (the most famous picture of the Brotherhood ever produced) you could draw the outline of the zinc bath she was lying in. But it is not the ghastly unreality of everybody and everything in these pictures that leads me to charge them with artistic

falsehood: there is evidence more damning.

Imagine yourself cutting out (I was tempted to do it in more than my imagination) the faces of the central figures in these representative pictures: Holman Hunt's *The Shadow of Death*, Millais' *The Black Brunswicker* and Ford Madox Brown's *Geoffrey Chaucer Reading the Legend of Custance* to Edward III. Five minutes later you will have no idea of which is which; the labels on the pictures in this exhibition could be taken off and re-affixed at random without anybody being any the wiser. Christ and King Lear; the Virgin and Mrs Thomas Fairbairn; Aurora Leigh or Lucrezia Borgia; Jerusalem or Putney; on these walls it's all one.

That, however, is not because the Pre-Raphaelites were incompetent draughtsmen (though if you look too closely at those sweeping folds, those tumbling tresses, they begin to disintegrate); it is because the highest flow focus-pocus with which they deceived themselves and with which they are still deceiving multitudes (the Tate was crammed at 10 am) was a false front behind which there was a group of knowing journeymen posing as artists. From Exhibit No. 1 to Exhibit No. 250, there is no feeling, only calculation, no heart, only thought, no passion, only assiduity, no vigour, only force, no fire, only smoke, no humility, only discretion, no love, only desire, no God, only religion, no nature, only scenery, no art, only technique, no understanding, only knowledge, and above all no genius and no regrets for the lack of it.

There is a Max Beerbohm cartoon in which Queen Victoria is earnestly asking one of the Brotherhood "But what were they going to do with the Grail" when they found it. Mr Rossetti? Max did not provide the answer, but I can tell they were going to drink cocoa out of it.

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No respite on the island of the damned

Anyone who criticizes the Sri Lankan government, however mildly, can expect to be lambasted in return. Those who have experienced this for themselves in the last year include the western press, Amnesty International and the government of India. Next in line is probably the International Commission of Jurists, which has just published a damning report showing how the rule of law has been abandoned in Sri Lanka.

The report could not have been better timed. In the past two months at least 100 Tamils in the northern province of Jaffna have been killed by security forces. The official explanation is that these people were all "terrorists", but this is contradicted by the accounts of every independent observer who has visited Jaffna. One typically disturbing incident occurred on March 28,

when air force personnel opened fire in the market place at Chunnakam, a town about eight miles outside Jaffna. Eight Tamils were shot dead and 22 others were wounded. Of the dead, one was a woman and another was an 80-year-old man.

If the victims really were terrorists, one might expect the fact to come out at the inquest into the deaths. However, no inquest will be held into the killings in Chunnakam market-place, nor into any of the other recent deaths of Tamil civilians. This is because of a rule called Emergency Regulation 15A, which was introduced last June and which allows the security forces to dispose of any dead body as they see fit without post mortem or inquest.

The International Commission of Jurists is particularly scathing about Regulation 15A, arguing that it is bound to be regarded as "a deliberate device for covering up murder". But President Jayawardene will not repeal it; rather, he and his new Minister of National Security, Lalith Athulathmudali, actually intend to strengthen the emergency rules.

One of the new rules would effectively do away with the right to habeas corpus, which, according to an official spokesman, "the government considers as an unnecessary exercise".

Closer to home, there is another cause for concern. Tamils from Sri Lanka would seem to fall within the classic definition of refugees, laid down in the 1951 UN convention, since they have a well-founded fear of persecution for reasons of race or religion. More than 200 Sri Lankan Tamils fled to Britain after last summer's violence and sought

asylum for this reason. Most of these applications have yet to be decided, but the omens are unpromising. In a letter earlier this year, explaining why he was deporting a Tamil from Ashford Remand Centre, the Home Office minister David Waddington wrote that "the situation in Sri Lanka has now returned very much to normal since the outbreak of communal violence last summer and the fact that an individual is a Sri Lankan Tamil is not, of itself, sufficient ground for asylum here".

The Tamils are unimpressed. As one put it, "How can you talk about a 'normal' situation in a country which has been governed under a state of emergency since last May, where members of a racial minority are being killed by the government's own forces?"

Francis Wheen

Ferdinand Mount

Too hit and Mies for the City

It is not every man in the prime of life who manages to accumulate one and a half acres of land next door to the Mansion House. The poet who Mr. Palumbo had patiently acquired over the past 20 years can, I think, be described without fear of contradiction as real estate. Although it lies in a different postal district, it reminds me of the *Obiter Dicta* of His Lordship in *Hilare Bello's Cautious Tales*.

A strip to the south of the Strand is a good situation for land. It is healthy and dry. And sufficiently high. And convenient on every hand.

That Mr Palumbo should possess the vision and tenacity to gain ownership of such a property will not surprise those who remember his prowess in youth as a footballer, able to jink like a snipe and not lacking in the will to win (the speed with which he clutched his groin after a hard tackle being only equalled by the speed with which he took advantage of the free kick he was awarded, my first sight of a gambit which is now commonplace in the First Division but which was then in its experimental stages, having as yet received only professional approval from Gamesmanship HQ at Station Road, Yeovil).

Something of the same ingenuity is to be observed in his present endeavor which is to clear the site and place upon it a great new piazza with lots of space and shrubs and tubs and a 200ft glass-and-steel tower by Mies van der Rohe, which would be the only building in all Britain by that architect. The public enquiry began last week in Guildhall. It has been billed as the greatest of all clashes between the friends and relations of the Modern Movement and the defenders of "the heritage" - nicer word than "environment" but one which sounds rather peculiar on the lips of some who normally hate the idea of anybody inheriting anything.

But is this really simply another quarrel between the ancients and the moderns? Certainly that is the form in which Mr Palumbo couches the question: Don't you want our generation to leave behind a monument worthy of the London of Wren and Hawksmoor? Or are you ready to see London lose the last chance of having a Mies van der Rohe building (for Mies is dead, and the design is a posthumous child)?

But this is a false antithesis. The question is loaded, or rather several questions are rolled into one, viz: Would you like London to have a building by Mies? Do you want building by Mies in this particular spot? And do you approve of demolishing the buildings that are already there?

One is perfectly entitled to answer: yes, I would like London to have a building by Mies. He built glass boxes which are quite unlike other people's glass boxes. They live in the memory, and lift the spirits on a New York or Chicago skyline. They stand out from all other tall buildings like a silver birch in a forest of dreary spruce. Repeat: on a New York or Chicago skyline.

But no, I do not want a Mies building on this site. I can show you half a dozen sites within a mile where it would do credit to the neighbourhood. Try just to the north of the Barbican - or just across the river. But not here. Wrong size, wrong shape, wrong everything.

And no, I do not want the buildings on this site to be demolished en masse to make way for any tower-block-and-piazza development. These buildings will do very well as they are. They are not by famous architects: very few buildings are. But as a group and in their details, they are an irreplaceable part of the Victorian City landscape and the medieval street plan.

The Mappin and Webb building not only has shields and turrets and corbels: it has gargoyles, real gargoyles with long stone necks leering out over Poultry and Queen Victoria Street. Is London so well-gargoyled that it can headlessly knock down these ones? Behind Mappin and Webb, there is the Green Man, one of those murky nineteenth-century City pubs where jobbers stare deep into their glasses and which seem infinitely older than genuinely medieval buildings. And behind the Green Man there is a little scrap of churchyard with one battered tomb in it and an old tablet set into a neighbouring wall: "Before the dreadful fire Anno 1666 stood the parish church of St Benet Sherchog".

Should gargoyles, and the Green Man and the churchyard of St Benet Sherchog all go in order to stick a Mies building in the wrong place? Would that not also be a "dreadful fire"?

What Mr Palumbo wants is the urban equivalent of prairie farming, and we don't have to accept it if we don't want to. Surely by now we should have the confidence to stand up against the Menacing Modernist, the sort of person who says the nation has to do this or else: dig up the hedges or else the farmers will go out of business; widen the old high street or else the town hall will die.

The reality is often that you can have hedges and high top fields, old high streets and new roads, Mies and gargoyles. It just takes a little more thought, that's all.

The author was until recently head of the Policy Unit, at No 10 Downing Street.

Anne Sofer

A brick and mortar lottery

Ten years as an inner city local politician have convinced me of one thing. It is that there is no part of peoples' lives in which we are failing as dismally and disgracefully as housing.

A strong claim, and I can hear the rival claims already being hurled at me: unemployment? street crime? No, I have considered them all and still maintain that there are more people in cities made miserable by their housing conditions than by any other cause.

Shelter is, after all, a basic and primitive human need. It ranks with food and clothing and predates by a long way paid employment and even money itself. The comparison with food and clothing demonstrates how housing operates in an entirely different sort of economy. An ordinary family buying its food and clothes these days has a fairly wide choice, even at the poorer levels: it also has options, of the "if the worst comes to the worst" variety (darker beans, jumble sales) for the really rough times. And although there are, of course, differences - and inequitable ones - there is no sharp dividing line, on grounds of class or geography, between what the different groups in society eat and wear. Government statistics chart the steady convergence of life-styles: we all shop at Marks & Spencer now.

And government statistics might chart something that looks the same in housing. (percentage of homes with indoor sanitation, central heating, etc). But the reality is different. For that half of the population who cannot afford to be owner occupiers there is hardly a question of consumer choice. It is more like a lucky dip - a double lucky dip, in which you put your hand in first to see if you draw the lucky number that allows you to play at all. Then, if you get that far, you wait your turn to plunge it in again. You might come up with a beautiful new maisonette with its own garden and an open market value of £80,000, or you might get a flat on a sordid and vandalized prewar council estate.

And there is no cheap alternative: no "if the worst comes to the worst" attic or basement for the young couple desperate to move away from in-laws and start life on their own. The private rented sector is beyond the pockets of the less well-off, and in many cases the only possibility is the family bust-up (real or pretended), the suicides on the pavement and the long purgatory of "bed and breakfast" for the homeless, waiting for a turn at the bean-tub.

The allocation system itself is scrutinized minutely by councillors to make sure it is "fair" - a near impossibility in view of the real choices that have to be made. It is

horribly slow. Once at the head of the list, families understandably (knowing that whatever they settle for moving out will not be easy) exploit their one little opportunity to be choosy. Often they dither: (will the second offer be even worse than the first? They know they are unlikely to get more than the three) and flats can be left empty for months while the waiting list lengthens.

Nobody thinks, apparently, of making the system more like an estate agent's of offering the 20 flats that happen to come up at any one time to the 20 people at the top of the list. The inevitable jostling for the best, it is thought, would be unfair on the slow-footed. Consequently the poor would be tenants left with nothing to do but wait, and, as I witness almost daily, leads to helplessness, frustration, cynicism, and a most sapping kind of resentful dependence.

The statistics for London are grim. One level, they present an arithmetic neatness that has its own bitter irony: 100,000 homes are now classified as "hard-to-let" (those dreary and frightening council estates that are consistently rejected by families at the top of the list); and a further 130,000 (mostly in the private sector) are empty. That 230,000 is the precise figure of the combined waiting lists of the London boroughs. But these figures ignore those people who do not even get on to the housing waiting lists - the single, for instance, - and also leave out of account tenants wanting to transfer within or between boroughs.

But added to the misery of those who cannot find somewhere to live is the misery of those whose homes are crumbling around them. More than one quarter of London's homes - getting on for 700,000 - are officially classified as unsatisfactory, either because they are unfit or lacking in basic amenities, or in need of major renovation. Boroughs' maintenance services, generally speaking, move with all the imperious bureaucratic slowness of their allocation systems, and besides that, central Government does not allow them to spend fast enough on renovation even to prevent the housing stock decaying further.

Giving people power over their own lives is part of the rhetoric of their political parties. For many, in housing, the phrase is an empty and cruel joke. What we are offering them is more like the situation we deplore in Russia or eastern Europe: shoddy goods, in short supply, inefficiently distributed and with virtually no choice, for which they have had to queue wearily for an interminably long time.

The author is SDP member of the GLC/ILEA for Camden North.

Gray's 1550



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CORPORATIST EPITAPH

Mr Len Murray's decision to seek early retirement is hardly surprising in the circumstances, given the decline in the authority, responsibility and cohesion of the trade union leadership. It was that collective interest which it was Mr Murray's special responsibility to perceive, protect and, if possible, mould into a forceful weapon of political influence. But it only takes one look backwards to the political landscape of 1973, when he became General Secretary of the TUC, to discover the tap root of Mr Murray's cumulative disappointment with his own role. Against the promise of 1973 it is also possible to measure the extent of his failure, through no particular fault of his own, to establish a permanent niche for the trade union movement in the corridors of power.

It was a Conservative Prime Minister, Mr Heath, who set down the corporatist model more clearly than ever before with his offer to employers and unions to share fully with the government the benefits and obligations involved in running the national economy. Not surprisingly, if the trade union leadership were to be asked to run the country on that basis by a Conservative Prime Minister, it expected, and received, even greater preferential treatment from the Labour government which followed Mr Heath.

But the basic model was Mr Heath's. From it grew that whole morass of corporatist thinking which corrupted attitudes to the national economy for so many years until it became clear, well into Mrs Thatcher's first administration, that the contemporary Conservative leadership had discarded its corporatist clothing. The Heath model deluded trade union leaders, their nebulous counterparts in employers' organisations, and too many ministers into thinking that there was some kind of corporatist role for them in government.

The effect of this trinity of politicians, trade unionists and employers would have been to lead the country down a corporatist road to the progressive disadvantage of the consumer. The underlying assumption of this kind of corporatism is the sum of producer group interests, and that producers - either labour or management or both - are accorded privileged access to national decision making which is denied to the consumer. This philosophy of the big battalions fitted as neatly into the conspectus of trade union leadership as it did into the authoritarian and dirigiste manner in which Mr Heath hoped to run the national economy.

MR MONDALE WINS THE BIG ONE

Mr Walter Mondale's victory in Texas brings him very close to nomination as the Democratic Party's presidential candidate. He now has about two-thirds of the delegates he needs so it seems unlikely that his main rival, Senator Hart, will catch up. In retrospect it can now be seen that the southern challenge from Senator Hart earlier this year did Mr Mondale good. It put him on the alert, made him aware that the nomination was not inevitable, and forced him to draw on hidden strength from within his character and organization. He has emerged a more confident and tested candidate.

At the same time Senator Hart seemed to diminish with exposure. Many of the "New Ideas" on which he built his campaign are sensible, but he was not able to present them as a coherent and convincing programme. He also did some disturbingly callow things such as staking out areas of the world

Inevitably, the Wilson and Callaghan governments which inherited this thinking biased it towards that part of the trinity whose power Labour politicians both respected and feared: the trade unions. The defeat of the Labour cabinet at the hands of the unions in 1969 had made it clear that a Labour government would only be able to operate effectively by placating trade union power, and conceding to the unions a preponderant influence in decision making.

The social contract which Mr Murray helped administer in his early years as General Secretary was not a contract between government and society but between the Labour Party and its paymasters. The government operated a formal incomes policy, much as Mr Heath had tried to do, in exchange for passing a series of laws which extended the legal powers and immunities of the trade unions, while enacting corresponding reductions in the rights of individual trade unionists. By the time their work was done Labour ministers and trade union leaders had deprived individual trade unionists of legal protection from exclusion or expulsion from a union, even in cases of arbitrary or unreasonable discrimination. Where the unions had a closed shop, which was also encouraged and given legal emphasis, that meant that a trade union had an almost total grip on a man's chance of employment, though individuals after 1976 only had recourse to non-statutory independent review body, all of whose members, not surprisingly, were nominated by the TUC and therefore unlikely to be independent in their judgments.

There followed a major expansion in the number of closed shop agreements. The proportion of workers covered by closed shop agreements rose during this time from 16 per cent of the work force to at least 23 per cent, and probably more. The momentum of the Act throughout the 1970's, and even now, in spite of two Tory laws intended to diminish trade union power, suggests that the tentacles of the closed shop are still creeping insidiously round Britain's industrial sinews.

So Mr Murray's first few years as General Secretary represented the peak of trade union power and influence in the political establishment. Yet who profited? It is true that during the period of the social contract the union/non-union wage differential widened in favour of workers belonging to unions; but the period also witnessed steadily rising unemployment and

steadily rising inflation. Notwithstanding the atmosphere created by beer and sandwiches at No 10, therefore, most workers and all consumers suffered from attempts to run the economy along these lines.

Now Mr Murray and his colleagues on the TUC have found that the Thatcher government does not share their sense of constitutional self-importance. Many trade union leaders have never fully recovered from this discovery. Moreover, Tory ministers suspect, not without evidence, that too many trade union leaders are more interested in throwing their weight about in a corporatist setting than they are in looking after the interests of their members. They may shout loudly about unemployment, but rare indeed is the evidence that any collective wage agreement has been settled which contains wages in favour of extra jobs.

Since the advent of a Tory government - and even more after its renewal - Mr Murray saw more clearly than his colleagues that the trade union establishment should be on the strategic defensive. His task has been to coax his colleagues into accepting that they have a more limited role to play, if any role at all, in the wings of government. It was not an easy task since the whole language and culture of trade unionism is combative. Every setback, every apparent slight at the hands of ministers, has been used as a signal for going back to war. The view of the left is that Mr Murray has been an appeaser and that such tactics were bound to fail. If their purpose was to keep the trade union establishment in some, albeit diminished, capacity on the fringes of government, then such tactics were bound to fail, and deservedly so. That is as much because the current trade union leadership on its record does not deserve to shoulder political responsibility, as because it is the government's principled view that the trade union leadership should not share in the running of the country. This week's *New Statesman* seems to agree. It suggests that the present structures of the TUC and its General Council are moribund.

"Their ethos is a stale one of smoke-filled rooms and power-broking between barons and inward-looking committee politics and high-living worldliness. The strategy of hoping to advance the interests of organised labour by waiting for the return of a Labour government and then nobbling it in the corridors of power is well and truly bankrupt."

Mr Tebbit could hardly have put it better.

DEATH OF A MODEL

There must always be many characters in our actual and temporary world who hear, sometimes with mixed feelings, of the death of any writer who had appropriated them to the immortal world. In Dickens's case, these were people like William Shore, who had but one eye, and kept a school in Yorkshire where the death rate among pupils was about one a year; or Maria Beadnell, who was immortalised twice, served as Copperfield's adorable, infantile Dora, and then, most woundingly, as silly affected, middle-aged Flora Finching in "Little Dorrit".

People who have been turned into fiction in their lifetime are in a curious position: some bitterly resent it, some glory in their reflected celebrity. Christopher Robin was caused infinite vexation by it, while somewhere in the House of Lords there must be a dozen figures nursing the secret knowledge that they contributed a trait to Widmerpool. Of all these figures, existing thus in two worlds in our time,

perhaps the most remarkable died a few days ago - Madame Celeste Albaret, the principal model for Francoise the real heroine of Marcel Proust's interminable book *Loyal*, almost illiterate, overbearing and tender, an unconscious compendium of popular linguistic usage and of old wives' wisdom, the embodiment of French provincial respectability, she stands beside Jeeves as one of the two great Old Retainers of modern fiction.

Celeste became Proust's housekeeper, cook, tyrant and protector throughout the nightmarish seclusion he retreated into to write his book. When he burnt his throat with an overdose of adrenalin, and lived on nothing but ice cream and iced beer for a month, she organized the dispatch of supplies from the Ritz. When she saw that her egotistical master was jealous even of her relationship with God, she gave up going to Mass until his death. She summoned musicians when needed, and dealt with printers.

Like Mrs James Joyce, she never bothered to read the book she figured in (it is curious that both the great novelists of artifice in the 1920s needed a woman like this to come home to). But when the book grew famous she became a literary celebrity in her own right, and her lively and astringent recollections were much pored over by researchers in quest of profound significances, which they never failed to find. She nursed him in his last illness, and her account of it on tape, circumstantial, harrowing, Dickensian, Proustian, is an uncanny pendant to the novel, a masterpiece of its own kind - as if the novelist had given Francoise such life in his work that in the end it was he who existed embodied in her imagination rather than vice versa, so that while she could still speak after he had become wholly immersed in time she was able to preside over the one event in his life that he was not in a position to record, and record it for him.

Close partnership in Whitehall

From the Master of St Catherine's College, Oxford

Sir, May I trained (not congenial) Whitehall "snag-hunter" comment on your leading article (May 2)?

The experience of many years has confirmed the value of a vigorous and critical Downing Street policy unit, working in partnership with the official private office and the Prime Minister's parliamentary private secretary. It cannot be a substitute for a strong central "think tank"; but it can perform the important function of helping the Prime Minister to identify the right questions - often a more difficult task than that of securing the right answers - with which to challenge the thinking of "the departmental scribes".

The secretaries of state in charge of the latter, and especially the "big businesses" such as Defence and the DHSS, can stimulate and strengthen departmental policymaking by reinforcing their private offices with special advisers from outside Whitehall, as many have done in recent years. But the introduction of policy units on the French Cabinet model would be unlikely to make those departments, as you have put it, "more manageable".

The efficient management of policies, and of the departmental machine for implementing them, crucially depends on one thing: a close and effective partnership between a secretary of state and his permanent secretary and senior professional advisers.

Yours faithfully,
PATRICK NAIRNE,
St Catherine's College,
Oxford.
May 3.

Straw burning

From Mr Ian C. Macdonald

Sir, May I, through your columns, make a special plea to the district councillors of England and Wales, who may now be considering the Home Office Circular No. 24/1984 regarding the revision and possible adoption by their council of model bylaws for straw and stubble burning.

My plea to councillors is to consider very carefully the restrictions recommended by the Home Office to prevent burning on weekends. Out of 28 days spanning harvest, the farmer will only be allowed under the proposed bylaw to burn on 19 of those days. What real advantage will this severe restriction be to the public?

Farmers now work all hours, including Sundays and after dark, during harvest. Is there any justification for this restriction? The Home Office requires "ash" to be incorporated within 36 hours of burning, which means that farmers will incorporate during Saturdays and Sundays following Thursday and Friday burning, but there will be no ash on Monday or maybe Tuesday. What happens if it rains in the week and the only dry and suitable period for burning is at the weekend?

The safest and most effective time to burn is late afternoon just before the evening dew is rising. This time is now to be restricted by a further one hour before sunset. The Home Office believes that it is being generous by permitting burning to commence at sunrise, but no burn will be effective until the micro-atmosphere at ground level has been dried by wind and sun. Therefore, it is surely unwise to adopt Section 2B of the model bylaw which forbids burning on Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays.

Further, the requirement to inform the local fire brigade before each 24-acre block is burnt is wholly impracticable. For example, if only 20 per cent of the stubble in Somerset is burnt, this amounts to 8,000 parcels and accordingly, 8,000 phone calls. Will the fire brigade telephone lines to HQ control, congested by these calls, be available for emergencies?

On reflection, one wonders whether the whole matter has been really thought out in all its implications.

Yours faithfully,
IAN C. MACDONALD,
Higher Hill Farm,
Bunbury,
Glossopbury,
Somerset.
April 25.

Historic wreck

From Mr A. N. Ryan

Sir, I read with interest your correspondent's report (April 26) on the forthcoming exploration of the wreck of HMS St George, lost off the Jurassic coast in December 1811. May I put the record right with regard to two statements in the report.

HMS Defence, which also drove ashore, was not a frigate but a 74-gun ship of the line commanded by Captain David Atkins, RN, who died in the wreck.

It is not true that all on board the two ships lost their lives. There was a handful of survivors from the Defence. I have privatised an account of the disaster by one of them in my edition of the correspondence of Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, commander-in-chief of the Baltic fleet, a volume in the series published by the Navy Records Society. It is nice to note in this account a tribute to the care taken of the survivors by Danish people.

Yours faithfully,
A. N. RYAN,
Department of History,
University of Liverpool,
8 Abercromby Square,
PO Box 147,
Liverpool.
April 26.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Need for care over MoD dismantling

From Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Leach

Sir, It would seem that the time is approaching when a major reorganization may take place in the Ministry of Defence. We need to be very careful before we dismantle a system which, for all its imperfections, has served the country well for nearly a quarter of a century and stood the test of countless politico-military crises and several minor wars.

Throughout the 1960s and 1970s secretaries of state and Chiefs of Defence Staff were big enough men to cope with inter-Service problems as they arose. Often it was not easy. But it was the responsibility of the Chief of Defence Staff as Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee to represent the collective view of the committee or, when it occurred, their split views.

There was everything to be said for this and indeed the system resulted in the best professional advice, whether unanimous or conflicting. Additionally it was open to the Chief of Defence Staff to express his personal view in the circumstances prevailing.

Now it seems likely that all real power will be vested in the Chief of Defence Staff. This will make it easier for a Secretary of State to get the military advice he thinks he wants but it may not always produce the best advice. Furthermore it will be far easier to override one man (the Chief of Defence Staff), or replace him with another more inclined to say "yes" than to deal with a four (the Chiefs of Staff Committee), three of them the current professional heads of their Services. Like the NUM there appear to be those who hope to obtain the results they desire by changing the rules of the game.

There has also been a good deal of talk about stripping the single Service departments of their policy and operational requirements staffs and centralising them. It would be folly to do this and could only result

in a lowering of professional standards.

There is nothing clever about having a separate Navy, Army and Air Force. In Utopia it would be neater, fairer and nicer to have just a single Defence Force. But we live in a real world and it is an inescapable fact that within any one Service it is already hard enough to acquire the necessary theory and consolidate it by practical experience in the field at the various levels of a career to maintain the professional expertise on which so much depends. We tamper with that expertise at our peril.

The matter of confidence is a further point of substance. Today the professionalism demanded of the serviceman is of a standard which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. In general that requirement is mostly met. It is not surprising, therefore, and certainly not unhealthy that at all levels, perhaps especially junior and middle-ranking officers, they should look critically at the higher ranks. If they perceive a falling off of professionalism at the top their motivation will not be enhanced.

So far throughout the 1980s defence has been in a state of continual turmoil brought about by a succession of reviews, each more disruptive than the last. What is badly required now is a period of stability in which all concerned can implement a clear policy and get on with the job. Imposing a monstrous upheaval of internal organization will hardly facilitate this.

I the early days of World War II Mr Winston Churchill castigated the Prime Minister with his historic words "For God's sake go. It is time someone of metal again rose in the House and addressed the Defence Secretary, 'For God's sake stop'".

Yours faithfully,
HENRY LEACH,
Winston Lodge,
Winchester,
Hampshire.
April 29.

Flaw in Irish report

From Mr Patrick O'Brien

Sir, The basic flaw in the report of the Irish Forum on reunification is the premise that Eire is a viable independent state. This is demonstrably not so. Not only is Eire dependent on Britain (and Nato) for defence to which she does not contribute but also for employment for a large proportion of her population who freely emigrate to Britain where, for some strange reason, they are accorded the full rights of citizenship while claiming to come from an independent sovereign state.

The solution to the problem of reunification lies in Eire accepting supremacy of Parliament and negotiating limited rights of self-government similar to Stormont. Then there would be more to unite Ireland than divide it.

Yours truly,
P. O'BRIEN,
51 Harpersford Avenue,
Virginia Water,
Surrey.
May 3.

Doubts on animal tests

From Dr Tamar Posner

Sir, The UK chemical industry agrees with the British Toxicology Society that the simple LD50 test can rarely be "ethically or scientifically justified" (report, April 25).

The problem is that national and international regulations for safe transport and safety labelling of chemicals specify limits for categorisation purposes. It is for these reasons that use is made of single numbers derived from the LD50 test.

The Chemical Industries Association supports the British Toxicology Society's initiative to encourage movement away from "administration by numbers" and we will continue our active participation in discussions that we would like to see lead to effective safety procedures that are more socially acceptable.

Yours faithfully,
TAMAR POSNER,
Chemical Industries Association,
Aldermoor House,
93 Albert Embankment, SE1.
April 26.

Embassy outrage

From Mr D. R. Sceats

Sir, Now that the siege of St James's Square is over, May I express a widespread but apparently unpublicised comment on the parochial and exaggerated nature of the media reaction to the affair.

The police seem to have overreacted with an excessive presence and a dramatic approach to a tragedy they naturally took personally, but the behaviour of the media day after day was simply to reinforce this approach with a heaven-sent opportunity for hyperbole on their metropolitan doorstep.

To the observer the affair was a clear lesson that news is what the media define it to be, and that a competitive press and broadcasting system does not always produce a variety of viewpoints but can guarantee sensationalism and a diversion of attention from many other issues.

Yours faithfully,
D. R. SCEATS,
46 Craney Park Avenue,
Surrey,
Surrey.
May 3.

Cause for alarm about salmon

From Mr David Clarke and Mr David Swatland

Sir, We were interested to read the excellent article by John Young (Spectrum, April 27). Whilst the position of our salmon stocks in the UK and throughout Europe gives grave cause for alarm, the position in North America is infinitely worse; so much so that the Canadian Government has been forced to bring in measures that can only be described as draconian.

Minister De Bané has declared that the number of Atlantic salmon reaching their spawning areas in certain regions of Quebec, notably Gaspé, Saguenay, and the north shore of the St Lawrence River, was estimated 30 per cent of the number needed to maintain optimum spawning production.

In order to alleviate the situation the Canadian Government has ordered, inter alia:

1. The suspension of commercial fishing in certain areas until such time that stocks can tolerate a commercial fishery.
2. The angling season, which in any case is short in Canada, to have its opening delayed by 10 days in certain areas.
3. Thirteen rivers to be entirely closed to angling.
4. In many rivers the daily limit per angler to be reduced to one fish and that to be a grise. All salmon to be returned. The annual limit per angler to be 10.

We should point out that Canadian and European stocks share common feeding ground off West Greenland. The Greenlanders have an annual quota. It must be understood that if Canadian stocks are reduced, the quota will be made up by an increased percentage of fish of European origin.

It is interesting to note that the Americans and Canadians are asking the North Atlantic Salmon Conservation Organisation to ban all commercial fishing for salmon in the whole of the North Atlantic for an initial period of six years, such is the depth of concern on the other side of the Atlantic.

It is high time that our own Government and the EEC faced the realities of the present threat to Atlantic salmon. In our opinion the time for talk, committees and investigations is past. There is broad agreement on the measures that are necessary for the conservation of our salmon stocks and now is the time for action. Time is not on the side of the salmon.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
DAVID CLARKE (Chairman,
Atlantic Salmon Trust),
DAVID SWATLAND (Chairman,
Salmon & Trout Association),
The Atlantic Salmon Trust Ltd,
Fishmongers' Hall,
London Bridge, EC4.

Balance of bat and ball

From Mr John Polk

Sir, If the proposal in Sir Edward Ford's interesting letter (April 28) were accepted in toto the current delicate balance between bat and ball would be destroyed and the number of drawn matches would increase considerably.

To me, at any rate, there is no more exciting sight than watching, say, Wes Hall or Michael Holding running up to bowl. The excitement may be at least partly relieved that I am not at the other end.

Watching second and third change seamers operating off the same length run is, I would agree, the most tedious part of the game and if there could be one law for the fast and one for the not so fast, that would be admirable. Failing this, we shall have to continue to take the rough with the smooth.

As far as the banning of bouncers goes, I would suggest that the only sight to rival a Hall or Holding run-up is the sight of Richards or Botham hooking balls that are meant to intimidate them. For this reason I would not be in favour of banning bouncers although I do agree that they are used too often and that the umpires whose job it is to limit their use (and abuse) do not, for the most part, make a very good fist of it.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN POLK,
Fenny Compton Lodge,
Fenny Compton,
Nr Leamington Spa,
Warwickshire.
May 3.

From Mr Brian F. Packham

Sir, I wish I could tell Sir Edward Ford (April 28) that he could take heart from a fondly remembered advertisement which appeared in the Personal Column of *The Times*. It read: "Curate wanted for country parish, slow left arm, bowler preferred." But alas the advertisement appeared when the Personal Column was on the front page, and "Times" change.

Yours sincerely,
BRIAN F. PACKHAM,
Windy Parc,
Avr Lane,
St Ives,
Cornwall.

Unkind cut

From Mr John Assael

Sir, My practice designed "the architect-designed cake" (*The Times*, May 1) and I am sure that Mr Binley (May 3) will be heartened to know that it was a structure which I was happy to see demolished - by the children of the Great Ormond Street Hospital.

However, demolition of modern architect-designed buildings would perhaps prove nourishing to Mr Binley's aesthetic values, but would certainly block his drains.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN ASSEAL,
Assael Rowe-Parr Partnership,
38 Clareville Street, SW7.
May 3.

Flourishing elms

From Lieutenant-Colonel H. B. Hudson

Sir, Early this week my wife and I made two journeys (by different routes) through the Black Mountains, a very leisurely pace. We were delighted to see that the local variety of elm, basically *U. glabra*, which was so dominant in that district 60 years ago when I knew it as a boy, is alive and well. The yellow-green seed pods, which come before the leaves, were a glorious sight especially in the Vale of Ewias.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. HUDSON,
Parkers Field,
North Petherton,
Bridgwater,
Somerset.
May 3.

THE ARTS

Dance
Cavalier
approachSwan Lake
Dominion

Alicia Alonso's production of *Swan Lake* for the National Ballet of Cuba, ostensibly "after the original" by Petipa and Ivanov, derives not much more than its general structure from that source, except in the second of its four acts (the famous scene with the swans by the lake) and the big duet in Act III. There are times when, even if the dancers perform familiar steps to the usual piece of music, one suspects it might be coincidence. Before blaming Alonso too much for that, however, it is fair to remember that British producers with better opportunities than she to know the original have been equally cavalier in their treatment.

A more legitimate complaint is that, with some of the minor omissions and acting mainly perfunctory, she takes the story-telling pretty much for granted. Among individual touches introduced is a little play with masks staged by the jester, commenting satirically on the command given to Siegfried by his mother that he must marry. The jester is a particularly tiresome example of that balletic species (and not very well danced by the two cast I saw); the queen mother, however, is strongly cast with leading dancers and is made a kinder character than usual, in spite of having to eat supper in the background while Siegfried dances with Odile.

Julio Castano's designs are gaudy, and Rembert Egges conducts the pick-up orchestra with a wild abandon of notably fast and slow tempi presumably at the producer's or the dancers' wishes. Act IV follows Diaghilev's precedent in being only a short epilogue, and adopts the Russian idea of having all the swans return finally in human form.

There are to be different casts at every performance. Of the first two, on Friday and Saturday afternoon, Loipa Araujo was an accomplished but entirely impassive Odette/Odile; Ofelia Gonzalez in that role has ugly feet but dances with forceful manner and has even more brilliant pirouettes than Araujo.

The best individual performance was Jorge Esquivel's as the first Siegfried. Most of his roles have him bare-chested, rippling his biceps and pectorals; wearing an old-fashioned tunic for once he suddenly looks like a well-behaved traditional dancer noble of the Bolshoi school, very correct and courteous. But even he suffers to some extent from the over-emphatic, jerky attack of the Cuban men generally, strong partners and jumpers, but without much fluency.

John Percival

E. J. Craddock's Publishing column has been held over for lack of space



Klaus Tennstedt (above) is back with his London Philharmonic Orchestra, at the Festival Hall tonight and on Friday, largely playing the Austro-German repertoire for which he is renowned: interview by Paul Griffiths

Lusty survivor in a great line

"I worked in Halle, a small place in East Germany. You know?" "Yes," I reply, "Halle's town." "Ah yes, the English composer," and Tennstedt's sarcasm is sugared with the gentleness of smiles.

Now nearing the end of his first season as principal conductor of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Klaus Tennstedt has outlived his honeymoon period. We are no longer overawed by so lusty a survivor of the German tradition, and have begun to detect the dangers in his imperious decisiveness: the way that sheer musical power can occasionally degenerate into exhibitionism. Last year's performances of Mahler's Sixth Symphony, and the recording that followed them, generated fierce controversy between those who took all the angst and oddity as a faithful interpretation of the clues laid in the score and those who thought Tennstedt just went way over the top.

His charm and his geniality in conversation are intact, however. He expresses himself very definitely, even if the right English words do not come readily, and yet he is eager to listen, to explore ideas other than his own. Perhaps that is one reason for his success as a musician.

The success came uncommonly late. Tennstedt began his career as a violinist; his first post in Halle was that of leader of the orchestra. "But then I suffered from a disease to my left hand, and it was impossible so I couldn't play any more. I had never thought of becoming a conductor; I thought, perhaps I might be leader of the Berlin Philharmonic one day. But I had always watched conductors very closely when I was playing for them, and in those days - the late 1940s and early 1950s - we had a lot of great conductors coming over from the West: Knappertsbusch, Sabata, Abendroth and others."

These were all the teachers Tennstedt had or needed. Indeed, he is rather cynical about the possibility of training conductors. "You can teach people to beat one-two-three-four, and maybe even five. But what else? I learnt by observing, and then I started work in the theatre as a répétiteur. After six months or so I began to conduct

minor operas - Lortzing and so on - and then gradually it got to be more."

He remained in the opera house when he moved from Halle to Dresden in 1958, and he even made a few appearances outside East Germany, when he conducted at Hamburg under the Liebermann regime. The West German opera houses gave him more work when he left East Germany in 1971: he conducted the German premiere of Gottfried von Einem's *Das Verbotene Land* in Berlin, and he appeared in Munich and Hamburg, although his main base was in Sweden. But he was still very far from being an international name until he made his debut with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1974.

"It was - excuse me for saying so - a huge success, and you know what happens in America: if one of the orchestras is on to something, then all of the others want to be in on it too. And then London hears something. So I was invited here to conduct the London Symphony Orchestra, and after them the LPO. In fact EMI asked me to record a Mahler cycle with the LPO before I had ever conducted them, and I can signed the contract before I had conducted them. It was a bit of a gamble. But then happily I found the orchestra so wonderful to work with."

His rapport with them, he thinks, is probably helped by his own experience as an orchestral musician. "I am very glad, now as a conductor, that I was a string player, because I can tell the musicians how to make a specific sound I want; how to finger a passage, how the bowing should go, where there should be a little glissando. This is so necessary, because every work has its own particular sound - every Mahler symphony has its own sound. The Sixth is very strong and hard whereas others, like the Fourth, are much more flowing and lyrical, almost like Schubert. Also, I think the players trust me because I was once one of them."

The Mahler cycle that was his first project with the LPO is now almost complete: only the Eighth remains to be done. This will be the only symphony not

performed first at a public concert for reasons of expense, which is a great pity - not only because it would be good to hear Tennstedt conduct a live performance of the work, but also because he likes to go into the recording studio with the experience of a concert performance behind him. "You waste less time, and the feeling in the orchestra is better."

But the Eighth will not mark the end of his Mahler recordings with the LPO, since they plan to do all the orchestral songs and song cycles, including *The Song of the Earth*. But not the Tenth Symphony. "Not the Tenth, no. For me the Cooke realization is a great experiment. We know how many changes Mahler made in his scores after the first draft, and I am absolutely convinced that even the Adagio, which I have recorded, would not have stayed the same if Mahler had lived to make a final version."

With his recording and concert work centred on Mahler, Strauss, Bruckner and Beethoven, he has ceased to be the operatic conductor he was in his youth. There was a run of *Fidelio* performances at the Metropolitan in the winter. But he finds it difficult to make enough time for opera, especially when he is in such demand by the LPO and other orchestras for a vigorous approach to the classics of the nineteenth-century symphonic tradition.

"That is the repertoire which I do best, and where I feel happiest. And naturally, when I go on tour with the orchestra, they want to hear me and the orchestra play German music. But I don't think the LPO has a particularly German sound or a German style: one of the great things about this orchestra is its flexibility."

We can expect, therefore, some broadening of Tennstedt's range, from the classical period to the Second Viennese School. "I like Schoenberg very much, also Berg of course and some Webern, though in London one has to be very careful about programming modern music. Also, while I am in England I want to conduct some English music: Vaughan Williams, Britten, *The Planets*. And of course Handel."

Television

A touch of showbiz for the intellectuals

One of the strangest spectacles still to be seen in Sicily is a travelling puppet theatre whose *place de résistance* is a performance of *The Song of Roland*. Performing under a five-foot, proscenium arch and accompanied by drumming and screaming from the wings, the three-foot knights belabour each other, bathed in ketchup, in a manner which is blood-curdlingly tragic.

At its best, notably with Sir Lancelot (David Robb successfully impersonating Errol Flynn) and Sir Mordred (Nicholas Grace, with wild eyes and jerky movements), John

Barton's *Le Morte d'Arthur* (BBC2) had a touch of that medieval magic. The trouble was, it also had a touch of Monty Python.

Barton himself, as magnificently as a narrator as you could hope (or fear) to find, told the story, hunched and conspiratorial in his prison cell, making a feast of his consonants and handing out a splendid array of colloquialisms: "disparbled" (dispersed for ever), "brast" (the fate of Sir Lancelot's heart), "waters wap and waves wan" (which was all the mendacious Sir Bedivere reported seeing at the lake). Sir Lancelot, overcome by remorse (well, he *had* seduced Queen Guinevere, and slaughtered her in sight), "dried and dwined away". Poetry, certainly, of a sort.

With ecstatic verve, Gillian Lynne (of *Cats*) choreographed the silent actors' movements. Stephen Oliver set them to music at once martial and intimate. With softly overlaid images and the momentum of a speeded-up Twenties silent, it was all very easy on the eye. "Eroicistm tool" shouted *Radio Times*. Malory's text, with its underpinning of stylized mor-

ality, may not have played up that particular quality, but there is no point in quibbling. This was the intellectual's showbiz, going out to keep the culturally queanish happy while Wogan's puppets danced on their strings in Luxembourg.

Monty Python was only one of the influences hovering over the shoulder of Alfred (ITV): cinema, Thompson and her friends borrow freely and without apology from the collected riches of two decades of British sketch-writing, but everything they do is fresh and funny. They might usefully take

a look at Supermilers (Channel 4), which ripped the wings from its own ankles with the aid of an absolute turkey of a commentary.

In My Dinner With Louis (BBC2), Wallace Shawn simultaneously parodied a film he had written and extracted some interesting thoughts from France's leading film-maker. Shawn's meal with Malle was less pretentious than Clive James's recent banquet with Polanski, but his aim was, dare one say it, more serious.

Michael Church

Divisional Court

Right of way survives alterations to tenement

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Before Lord Justice May and Lord Justice Purchas
(Judgment delivered April 18)

The mere alteration of a dominant tenement to which a right of way was appurtenant by an extension in the size of the tenement was not by itself sufficient to extinguish the easement.

The Court of Appeal, in reserved judgments, allowed an appeal by the plaintiffs, Dr. Finlay MacKenzie Graham and his wife, against Judge Hamblin's dismissal on October 19, 1983, at Tumbidge Wells County Court of their claim against the defendants, Mr Robert Philcox and his wife, for a declaration that they were entitled to a right of way along a drive at 6 Hungershall Park, Tumbidge Wells, Kent.

The plaintiffs' claim was based upon section 62(2) of the Law of Property Act 1925.

Mr Robert Reid, QC and Mr David Hodge for the plaintiffs; Mr Gerald Gifford, QC and Mr S. Bickford-Smith for the defendants.

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On December 10, 1960, the owner of the whole land, Mr C. J. Maples, let the upper floor of the coach house to one Braithwaite for five years together with a right of way for all purposes over the entrance drive of 6 Hungershall Park along the west side of the garden as far as the demised premises.

In September, 1963 Braithwaite assigned his interest in the residue of the term to one Devaney.

In November 1963 Mr Maples let the ground floor flat at the coach house to one Wilcox for a term of three years with a similar right of way on a different side of the garden.

Mr Maples died in December 1971 at about which time the big house was converted into two semi-detached houses, 6A and 6B Hungershall Park, 6A being on the western half of the property.

Next, by a conveyance of June 1977 the executors conveyed 6A Hungershall Park to the defendants subject to the rights of way granted to the tenant of the first floor flat of the coach house by the lease to Braithwaite.

Finally the successors in title to Wilcox in November 1977 conveyed the whole coach house to the plaintiffs who, after Devaney had given up his statutory tenancy of the upper flat, occupied the whole coach house as a residence.

The plaintiffs' claim had been brought after the defendants had locked a gate across part of the right of way and had refused to let the plaintiffs continue to use it.

The plaintiffs' case was that the right of way was an easement enjoyed and used by Devaney at the time of the conveyance to the plaintiffs' predecessor in title, Wilcox. By virtue of section 62(2) that conveyance operated to convey the right of way to Wilcox through whom it was conveyed to the plaintiffs.

The defendants contended that as the dominant tenement for the benefit of which the way was now claimed (the whole coach house) was not the same but was greater than the dominant tenement for the benefit of which the way was originally granted (the upper flat in the coach house) the plaintiffs could not use the way now that the coach house was one dwelling.

The statement of Lord Justice Roper in *Harris v Flower & Sons* (1905) 74 Ll Ch 127, cited in *Gale on Easements*, 14th ed. (1972) p 282, had to be considered in the context of the facts of that case.

The mere alteration of the coach house into one dwelling could not have any effect upon the existence of the right of way.

There was no evidence that the actual or anticipated use by the plaintiffs of the way was excessive. No real distinction could be drawn between the instant case and *Wright v Macadam* [(1949) 2 KB 744]. The appeal should be allowed.

LORD JUSTICE PURCHAS, agreeing, said that the judge concluded that the easement created by the lease of December 10, 1960 came to an end at the termination of

Adjoining occupiers
Cobstone Investments Ltd v Maxim

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tenant's property. Lord Justice Dunn, sitting with Mr Justice Wood, held in the Court of Appeal on July 11.

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Solicitors: Thomson, Snell and Passmore, Tonbridge; John Pearson, New Malden.

Theatre
Inmates of a human menagerieCries from the
Mammal House
Royal Court

On past encounters Terry Johnson has struck me as one of those coldly unfeeling writers who present human beings as if they were observing the behaviour of an alien species; and in this piece he takes the logical step of lining up his characters as inmates of the human menagerie.

Set partly in a bankrupt private zoo on the south coast and partly on Mauritius. *Cries from the Mammal House* tells two parallel stories of destruction and conservation. But while Alan, the zoo-owner, sets about slaughtering his doomed livestock and his brother David makes off to the Indian Ocean to protect an endangered species, you also become aware that the animals' predicament is shared by the humans: disinherited, imprisoned within

invisible bars, manipulated by forces beyond their control.

Alan slaved for 20 years for a father who sold out before his death not to mention assaulting his granddaughter who now lives in semi-darkness cultivating an animal identity. Unemployment thrusts her boyfriend into a hated butchering job. Alan's wife, a psychotherapist, is cut off from her profession in a dead marriage. (Love, in the author's terms, is the most treacherous trap of all.) And when David arrives in Mauritius, he finds the local Chinese and Hindu population imprisoned in their own home-made cages.

However, David has taken a stuffed dodo with him from his father's collection; and this prompts the natives to lead him to a secret reserve where the dodo has survived, alive and well, to rescue the family fortunes.

If I understand this episode, it is a contradictory happy ending for a piece on the evils of

imprisonment. And, often, the relationships of the characters are puzzlingly oblique, and seemingly governed by an indecipherable sub-text. There is no such obstacle when Mr Johnson is writing about their relationship with animals: for instance in the beautifully designed scene of an egg-hatching party for David and his friends including a Hindu boy who sticks a needle through his tongue, thus throwing the party into an uproar in which the precious egg is smashed.

Phil Young's production is cool, poised and austere, giving each figure the chance to establish itself as a separate specimen. Some of the parts come over as lifeless constructs (the luckless Jonnie Stoller has two of these). But Roger Rees transmits a saint-like gentleness as the conservationist; and Leo Winger is spell-binding as the Creole native who leads him to the dodo's lair.

Irving Wardle

Candy Kisses
Bush

Although John Byrne's wickedly accurate set clearly locates his play in an Italian pension, its occupants all seem to hail from elsewhere.

The first voice is that of a brattish New Yorker (Carmen du Sautoy) screaming telephonic abuse at her faithless lover back in Manhattan. This is closely followed by the accents of an Irish landlady and a Glaswegian dandy; at which point the penny drops. The author of the world-orbiting *Slab Boys* has found a new outlet for his provincial internationalism, grafting the language of Kerry and Paisley on to the inhabitants of the Corso Garibaldi to the equal non-comprehension of English-speaking visitors.

Life's a Dream
Pit

The disorientation starts before the play, where are you to sit? The Pit's banked seating is on all four sides this time; but within it, diamond-wise, is another square of seats surrounding a cock-pit-like playing area. Calderon's most famous play, written about 1635, uses characters that might have come from Ariosto or *opera seria* (and Rossini and Schubert often do use part of the story). But the complexity of their experience, in action and imagery alike, makes Chinese box or a hall of mutually reflecting mirrors look simple by comparison, and I suspect that John Barton and Adrian Mitchell, in their adaptation, have made the actual poetry more dizzily intricate while simplifying the style.

The result, though still cheating us of Spain's supposed Golden Age masterpiece in its original form, is a unique evening in the theatre, some-

times frustrating, sometimes astounding. The version can be pop or crude on one page, poetically and philosophically precise on the next.

Arriving like a Handelian leading lady *en travesti*, Rosaura seeks her unknown father and her princely seducer. She stumbles on a remote fortress, encounters another disowned child, the king's only son, Sigismund. Shocked by portents, his father has kept him in ignorance and captivity since birth. Presently, to test the predictions, he is drugged, regally dressed, and (not surprisingly, given his bestial usage) turns out the expected tyrant, murdering an eunuch, condemning his jailer Clotaldo (actually Rosaura's father) to death and half-raping Rosaura before being drugged again and reimprisoned. His day's reign was a dream, he is told.

His long journey towards moral regeneration and an understanding of reality, which finally leaves him king, is illustrated by a network of imagery and mirrored by other characters' dilemmas. The stars

foretelling his cruelly reappear as images flattering two lovely ladies who also bear starlike names. Honour, ever present in the Spanish classics, is ironically introduced by Rosaura's servant Clario (given the stock-old treatment by Christopher O'Donnell, then Christopher Neame, as her seducer, claims its sanction for not marrying a fatherless lady. Theatre itself is named as a Pirandello mirror of life: even Clario drinks to escape "reality".

Miles Anderson negotiates Sigismund's infinite variety with superb assurance: cheeky Prince Hal, vicious Nero, half-bastard Kaspar Hauser or, self-knowing Hamlet (Shakespearean echoes are legion).

Barbara Kellerman (Rosaura) switches just as fluently between *Don Giovanni* tragedy and the exaggerated comedy of *Daisy Pulls It Off*. Twisting his wicked whisks, Mr Neame plays the heartless, humorous Astolfo with delicious comic poise.

Anthony Masters

Concert
Boston Symphony
Chamber Players
Wigmore Hall

I hope that those members of the Boston Symphony Chamber Players who were not involved will forgive me. But it would be unfair not to focus attention on the songs by Charles Ives and Ravel that so obviously dominated this concert, and especially so given the superlative singing of the mezzo-soprano Jan DeGaetani.

Ives's conscious rejection of stylistic dogma itself amounts to a style within which infinite expressive possibilities present themselves, and certainly the songs performed covered a lot

of ground. There was the curiously combined mystery and familiarity in "Down East", for example, making a striking contrast with the teasing, satirical of Tchaikovsky in "The Side Show". Likewise the bizarre, nebulous nostalgia in "Remembrance", with the piano's naked fifths and the offstage contributions from flute and violin, opposes the progress from anarchy to order in "From Paradise", while the tortured, personal chromaticism of "Like a sick eagle" was here cleverly offset by the awe-inspiring evocation in "Sunrise".

All this Miss DeGaetani took in her stride, as did her pianist, Gilbert Kalish. But in Ravel's passionate, savage *Chansons Madécasses* she excelled. Her richly sensuous singing of the

first song, "Nahandove", was matched to perfection by the cellist, Jules Eskin, and her aggression in "Aout" seemed to send shudders of fear through the entire audience.

Poulenc's Sextet for wind and piano makes comparatively few demands on the listener. For the players it is a different matter, but Boston's wind principals obviously know each other's ways thoroughly, and theirs was a vibrant, characteristic reading, even if some of the humour in it might have been less sophisticated. How unfortunate that the concert had to end with a performance of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet which was polished so smooth that the music seemed featureless where it should have been vividly subtle.

Stephen Pettitt

Law Report May 7 1984

Right of way survives alterations to tenement

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Solicitors: Thomson, Snell and Passmore, Tonbridge; John Pearson, New Malden.

Providing specimens for test

Cotter v Kamil
Before Lord Justice Robert Goff and Mr Justice Mann
(Judgment delivered May 3)

The driver of a motor vehicle who had provided a positive breath specimen at the roadside and two breath specimens for analysis at a police station, was lawfully required to provide an additional specimen of blood under section 8 (3) (b) of the Road Traffic Act 1972, as amended by Schedule 2, paragraph 3 (3) to the Transport Act 1981.

When the Lion Intoximeter 3000 used to analyse the breath specimens indicated before the analysis was complete that it had reached a temperature at which analysis was unsatisfactory.

The Queen's Bench Divisional Court allowed PC Richard Cotter's appeal by case stated from the dismissal, on July 24, 1983, by Mr R. J. H. Nicholas, metropolitan stipendiary magistrate sitting at Old Street, of a summons issued by the constable against Mr R. M. Kamil, alleging that he had, without reasonable excuse, refused to provide a specimen of blood for laboratory analysis.

Mr Kenneth Macrae for the prosecutor; Mr Robin Pearce Wheadley for the defendant.

LORD JUSTICE ROBERT GOFF said that the case turned on the proper construction of section 8(3)(b) of the Road Traffic Act 1972, as amended. Section 8(1) of the Act

provided that a constable could require a specimen of blood or urine from a person suspected of driving with excess alcohol to provide either two specimens of breath for analysis at a police station, or a specimen of blood or urine for a laboratory test.

Section 8(3) provided: "A requirement under this section to provide a specimen of blood or urine... cannot be made at a police station unless... (b) at the time the requirement is made a device or a reliable device... is not available at the police station or it is then for any other reason not practicable to use such a device there."

On their ordinary and natural meaning the words "the requirement" in section 8(3)(b) referred back to the opening words of the subsection and meant the requirement to provide a specimen of blood and not, as counsel for the defendant had submitted, and as the magistrate had accepted, the requirement to provide a specimen of breath.

Furthermore, the words "is not available" meant not available for the purpose for which the device was intended, namely, full and proper analysis of blood samples.

In the present case the device became available before it had completed analysis of the samples, and accordingly, at the time the requirement for the blood test was made, it was not available within the meaning of section 8(3)(b).

Another struggle with fuel gauge as Prost stays in lead from start to finish

The Marlboro McLaren team were back on form yesterday, when Alain Prost led the 60-lap San Marino Grand Prix from start to finish, to record his second victory of the season. He now leads the world championship table by 11 points from Derek Warwick, whose Renault slipped from third to fourth place after being slowed by gearbox trouble during the last 10 laps.

Only René Arnoux was on the same lap as Prost at the finish, his Ferrari closing to within 13.4sec of the winner in the run-up to the line. Once again it was a race against the fuel gauge, and Elio Angelis and Andrea de Cesaris had to pay the penalty for engaging in a spirited battle for third place: de Cesaris's Ligier-Renault spluttered to a halt on the penultimate lap and was classified seventh, and de Angelis's similarly powered JPS Lotus ran dry a quarter of the way through the last lap but was still able to qualify for third place.

As usual, the Tyrrell team put up a brave show with their under-powered cars. Martin Brundle delighted his new sponsors, de Longhi, by getting well in among the turbos, and was running as high as seventh at half distance until he was badly baulked by a back marker, who cost him several places. His race ended with a dead engine out in the country.

MOTOR RACING

From John Blunsden, Imola

Stefan Bellof drove the second Tyrrell with characteristic forcefulness and moved steadily up the order in the closing stages as others ran into trouble. He was rewarded with a worthy fifth place ahead of Thierry Boutsen.

It was a day without reward for the Williams and Brabham teams, all four cars dropping out with engine-related problems. Keke Rosberg was the first to go; he stalled on the grid, got away late as confusion reigned about him, and was out with an electrical fault within three laps.

The Brabhams looked to be heading for their first results of the year, with Nelson Piquet second, and Teo Fabi fifth at 40 laps, but eight laps later Piquet crashed to the pits after a long battle with Arnoux, smoke pouring from his car, and Fabi followed him, seconds later, his turbo boost having disappeared.

Even McLaren had their share of trouble, Niki Lauder's superb drive, which took him past Fabi and Michele Alboreto into fourth place within 12 laps, coming to a halt with a comprehensive engine blow-up. Prost executed a neat 360-degree spin at one-third distance when a carbon-fibre brake grabbed unexpectedly. A brake problem also put Nigel Mansell into a spin in his JPS Lotus, and instant retirement.

A private Ferrari duel between Arnoux and Alboreto enlivened the first half of the race, but it ended when Alboreto's car broke an exhaust pipe, which took away most of the turbo boost. Rosberg's delayed start had repercussions on the grid, Francesco Bruni retiring his Ligier with a broken front suspension, and Patrick Tambay having to abandon his Renault at the first corner after colliding at the start with Eddie Cheever's Alfa Romeo.

Warwick's drive in the other Renault served to consolidate still further his reputation within the French team, but his need to conserve fuel later in the race meant he had to turn down his turbo boost considerably, which made gear changing difficult and contributed to his periodic loss of third and fourth.

RESULTS: 1. Prost (F) McLaren-TAG, 60 laps, 1hr 53m 55.75sec (118.30 mph); 2. Arnoux (F) Ferrari, 1hr 57m 2.05sec (9.8 mph); 3. Bellof (D) Tyrrell-Ford, 59 laps; 4. Boutsen (B) Ligier-Renault, 58 laps; 5. Cheever (US) Alfa Romeo, 58 laps; 6. Piquet (A) Williams-Ford, 48 laps; 7. Fabi (I) Brabham-Ford, 47 laps; 8. Mansell (GB) JPS Lotus, 37 laps; 9. Brundle (GB) Tyrrell-Ford, 35 laps; 10. Bruni (I) Ligier-Renault, 34 laps; 11. Bruni (I) Ligier-Renault, 34 laps; 12. Rosberg (F) Williams-Ford, 34 laps; 13. Arnoux (F) Ferrari, 34 laps; 14. Alboreto (I) Brabham-Ford, 34 laps; 15. Tambay (F) Renault, 34 laps; 16. Cheever (US) Alfa Romeo, 34 laps; 17. Boutsen (B) Ligier-Renault, 34 laps; 18. Piquet (A) Williams-Ford, 34 laps; 19. Fabi (I) Brabham-Ford, 34 laps; 20. Mansell (GB) JPS Lotus, 34 laps; 21. Brundle (GB) Tyrrell-Ford, 34 laps; 22. Bruni (I) Ligier-Renault, 34 laps; 23. Rosberg (F) Williams-Ford, 34 laps; 24. Arnoux (F) Ferrari, 34 laps; 25. Alboreto (I) Brabham-Ford, 34 laps; 26. 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Racing: Runners and riders for six National Hunt programmes

Sadler's Wells shocks backers

From Our Irish Correspondent, Dublin

The Dermotstown Stud, Derby Trial Stakes at Leopardstown on Saturday looked no contest, as Sadler's Wells led his five opponents down to the start, for only 25 minutes earlier El Gran Señor, his stable companion, had won the 2,000 Guineas in emphatic style. Sadler's Wells, unbeaten as a two-year-old, had got closer to El Gran Señor in the Gladness Stakes last month than any of the Guineas runners.

Sean Graham, the Belfast bookmaker, who helped to shorten the odds about the Guineas winner sending back to the course more than £30,000, got odds of 7-2 laid on Sadler's Wells.

Interlopers received a shock, even if they finally drew their winnings. In a muddling race, Sadler's Wells had to be driven right out to hold off Inflation Beater by a neck.

George McGrath did not accept that his mount had produced his true running. Even so, it was modest enough effort for a world-beater Derby runner. William Hill reacted by taking him out of their book.

Among all the Irish racehorse owners there are few who can match the luck of the senior steward, Denis McCarthy. He once won three years without having a single runner out of the money, and he must have a lively fancy for the Off's Irish 1,000 Guineas in the Thatching filly, So Fine.

Kentucky Derby for Swale

Louisville (Reuters) — Swale, a son of the 1977 Triple Crown winner, Seattle Slew, took advantage of a fast track to win the 110th Kentucky Derby by three and a quarter lengths from the outsider, Mc Chad, who took second place from At The Threshold in a photo finish.

Swale, who became the second favourite behind Woody Stephens, the trainer, withdrew Devil's Bag four days before the race, gave Laffit Pincay, the Panamanian jockey his first Derby win from 11 months on the outside. Mc Chad, who took second place from At The Threshold in a photo finish.

Swale, a dark brown colt, overtook the favourite, Althea, one of the two fillies in the 20-horse field, before the turn into the straight and steadily pulled away over the final quarter mile.

Stephens, who left the hospital bed where he was recovering from pneumonia, said: "I thought he was a cinch anyway."

Swale, who earned \$537,400 for Seth Hancock's Claiborne Farm, went off at odds of 3-1.

Mr Hancock said in the winner's circle that, contrary to statements by Stephens earlier in the week, it was still possible that Swale would run two weeks from today in the Preakness Stakes — the second leg of the Triple Crown.

Liam Browne: Ascot Gold Cup plans

So Fine, under the odds-on favourite, Easy Copy, by a neck in the one mile Ballyrack race.

Bold Connexion having his first run since taking second place to Band at Goodwood last summer, overcame better financed rivals in the two mile Saval Beg Stakes. The winner, trained by Liam Browne, and he said afterwards that the colt would have one more run before being aimed at the Ascot Gold Cup.

Saturday's results

Newmarket

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3

New Tory MPs 'pick' their next leader

Tebbit is top choice as Thatcher's successor

By Our Political Correspondent

The new intake of Conservative MPs believe that Mr Norman Tebbit, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, would be the most suitable successor if Mrs Margaret Thatcher unexpectedly ceased to be Prime Minister.

But Mr Kenneth Clarke, Minister for Health, has emerged as the most-favoured long-distance runner to take over if Mrs Thatcher remains in charge, as she has promised, beyond the next election.

A poll of 87 of the 102 Conservative MPs who entered the Commons last year, in which they were asked for three preferences for succession, failed to give Mr Tebbit an outright majority, but he received 63 per cent support to Mr Michael Heseltine's 37 per cent when other contenders were eliminated.

Of those questioned, 32 (45 per cent) preferred Mr Tebbit, aged 53; 15 (21 per cent) Mr Heseltine, aged 51; Secretary of State for Defence; 11 (15 per cent) Mr Tom King, aged 50, Secretary of State for Employment; 4 (6 per cent) Sir Geoffrey Howe, aged 57, Foreign Secretary; and 4 (6 per cent) Mr Peter Walker, aged 52, Secretary of State for Energy.

Two backbenchers, Mr Francis Pym, aged 62, and Mr Cecil Parkinson, aged 52, and Mr Leon Brittan, aged 44, Home Secretary, Mr James Prior, aged 56, Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, and Mrs Clarke were each preferred by one MP. Altogether, 16 MPs could not, or would not, give a preference.

Second and third preferences, redistributed to Mr Tebbit and Mr Heseltine, gave Mr Tebbit five more votes from Mr King's supporters, and three more from Sir Geoffrey's.

Mr Heseltine received four more votes from Mr King's supporters, four from Mr Walker's and one from Sir Geoffrey's.

One third of those mentioned a next-generation leader opted for Mr Clarke. Other mentioned by more than one MP were: Mr Kenneth Baker, aged 49, Minister for Information Technology; Mr Norman Fowler, aged 46, Secretary of State for Social Services; Mr Ian Gow, aged 47, Minister for Housing and Construction; Mr Mr John Moore, aged 46, Financial Secretary to the Treasury; and Mr George Younger, aged 52, Secretary of State for Scotland.

Mrs Thatcher is 58, and some MPs said that they would respond only if it was emphasized that they would be horrified if the Prime Minister "went under a bus".

But there were other who said, only partly in jest, that they would not.



Mr Kenneth Clarke: long term prospect?

they would back "the bus driver" for the leadership.

One MP, after a long comment in which he spoke of the party "changing gear" if Mrs Thatcher went, added as an afterthought: "And I wouldn't burst into tears if it happened".

Nevertheless, there was a calculation about the responses which tended to put personal and electoral qualities before political attitude.

A dozen MPs who preferred Mr Tebbit gave Mr Heseltine as second preference, and eight who preferred Mr Heseltine

gave Mr Tebbit as second choice. Mr King receives a support from those who feel that, in addition to his personal ability, he would not arouse the right-left, dry-wet frictions of a Tebbit-Heseltine ticket.

Mr Tebbit loses support because of his "abrasiveness", "crudity", "devastating insensitivity", and "cold calculation".

One MP even said: "We can't have someone who hangs by his feet in the evenings". However, he has impressed new MPs with his personal touch; he has been assiduous in cultivating backbenchers and there is a view that "while Norman makes you feel you have got something to say, Michael can pass you by without so much as a nod".

Another MP said: "There's only one constituency that is not there and there is only one job, the job, and yet many of them haven't learnt the most fundamental lesson; you can't ignore voters and expect them to turn out for you".

Mr Tebbit's qualities so impressed some MPs that they refused to give other preferences. He is seen as a man who would continue Mrs Thatcher's policies.

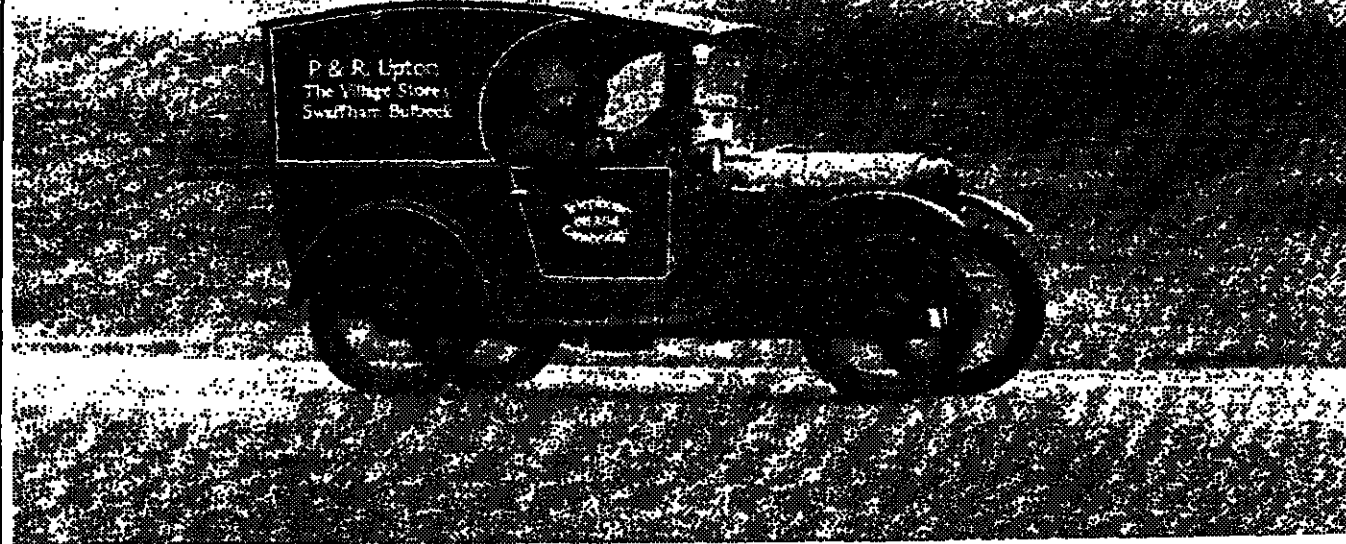
One of his supporters said: "He appeals to that element of the electorate, the working class Tory vote, which we have to have to win an election".

Although Mr Heseltine scores as an orator, and as an extremely able departmental minister, there are doubts about his politics. One sceptic said: "There is uncertainty as to how deep-rooted Michael's wetness is".

As for Mr Clarke, there is high praise from many: "Good performer at dispatch box", "a mixture of disarming charm and ability", "certain degree of radicalism".

One MP said: "He is a very popular successful minister. He has the ability to walk through minefields without exploding too many mines en route".

Minority motor sport, off-road and on



A 1927 Austin van (above) in the London to Brighton run yesterday of the Historic Commercial Vehicle Society, and competitors (right) in the British sidecar motocross grand prix at Frome, Somerset. The seven-horsepower van was found as a derelict chassis in 1981, restored and fitted with replica bodywork. It is used regularly by its owner for grocery deliveries in villages to the east of Cambridge.

About 180 vehicles took part in the fifty-mile run to Brighton, including vans, lorries, single and double deck buses, steam wagons, steam road locomotives, fire engines, military vehicles and taxis. The motocross event, over a tortuous 1.6 mile course constructed on the site of a disused quarry, attracted 40 competitors. (Photographs: Harry Kerr, historic vehicles, and Norman Lomax, motocross).

Test-tube births dispute

Continued from page 1

pregnancy. "It has been our policy to restrict the number to three, and that will continue to be our policy," he said. "To put back more is bordering on the unethical."

Mr Steptoe has supervised the birth of 201 test-tube babies from 402 pregnancies. "We have the greatest experience and all our data indicate that there is a significant incidence of multiple pregnancies resulting from the implantation of more than three embryos."

"A great deal needs to be known about the hazards involved and until it is known we should be going forward very cautiously and not recklessly."

Mr Winston said: "Mr Steptoe and Mr Edwards are on a limb. They are the only major group in the world I know of who transfer only three

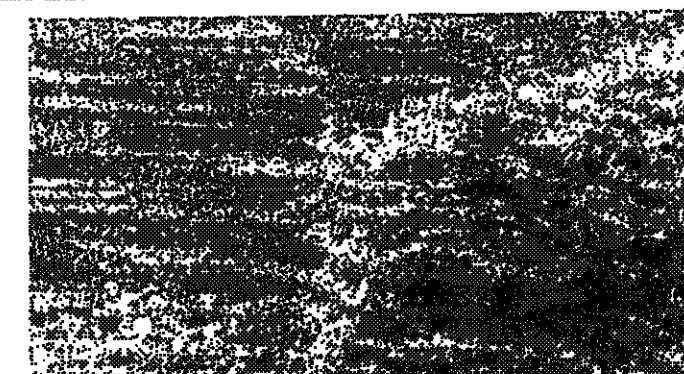
embryos. Five or more have been replaced on at least 40 occasions and there have been only two sets of quadruplets resulting, of which ours is the second."

"There are other groups which have contributed more to the scientific field than Bourn Hall. We at Hammersmith are the major infertility clinic in Europe."

Intense rivalry exists internationally among *in-vitro* fertilization units, and deep divisions have existed for some time among British teams over the multiple births question.

Mr Steptoe said: "The impact on a woman in her 30s of having three or four babies all at once is very serious."

Mrs Smale's babies were delivered two months prematurely by Caesarian section and weighed between 2lb 10oz and 4lb.



No politics in the main poll of the year

From Roger Boyes

For most Polish believers the wages of sin is death. And for many Catholic priests, thundering from their parish pulpits, one of the worst sins is Mrs Julia Morley's Miss World contest.

It was, therefore, with some relief that the Polish organizers managed to field more than 40 girls willing to fight it out last weekend to be the Warsaw Pact contender for the Miss World title. On the platform of a hall normally associated with Communist Party congresses, the incumbent Miss World, the former Miss Wambourne Sarah Jane Holt, gave the sealing kiss to the lucky Polish girl and Mrs Morley did the talking.

"We don't want to get involved with politics," she said before the contest, "that's not our line at all." No meeting then with Mr Lech Walesa, the outlawed Solidarity leader.

Many provincial contenders had been scared off by the promised wrath of their parish priests, and by their God-fearing parents. The exposure of flesh for worldly gain, the visit to the sinful metropolis of Warsaw, even London - all this weighed heavily in the scales. Miss Torun (a town in western Poland) was chosen without any competitors and in this respect resembles the candidates for local council elections next month, one of whom recently received a letter announcing his selection as a candidate and then asked him to find potential rivals.

"These are the most important elections this year" quipped one of the cabaret artists during the Miss Poland contest. Even if Gary Hart and Ronald Reagan do not fully agree, one saw his point.

The prizes resembled an obscure political joke. The winner received a Polski Fiat (virtually immobile because of the petrol crisis) and a week's holiday in a capitalist country. The runner-up received a videotape of the contest (she has no video) and two weeks' holiday in the communist country of her choice.

Mrs Morley who last year complained that the bathing suits were too skimpy, seemed well satisfied with the newest recruits to the London contest. The winner Magdalena Jaworska, a student, says she is interested in "people, the secrets of existence, mathematics, physics and her dog".

Mondale romps home in Texas

Continued from page 1

Maryland, North Carolina and Indiana select 368 delegates. Colorado. Mr Hart's home state, will select 43 delegates in caucuses tonight.

In Texas, Mr Mondale captured the overwhelming support of Mexican Americans, who make up more than 20 per

cent of the population. Mr Hart left Texas at the end of the week, but Mr Mondale continued travelling the impoverished Rio Grande valley, courting Hispanic votes. One of his biggest weekend rallies was in Laredo.

"Here in Laredo and down this valley, unemployment

levels are shockingly high."

Voter turn-out in the Texas caucuses was a fraction of those eligible - perhaps 100,000 people in a state of several million registered Democrats. In Louisiana, too, only 16 per cent of eligible voters participated.

Leading article, page 13

THE TIMES INFORMATION SERVICE

Today's events

New exhibitions
Russell Sedgfield: photographer, Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum, King's House, 65 The Close, Salisbury; Mon to Sat 10 to 4 closed Sun, (until May 26).

Work by Gregor M. Smith, Lillie Art Gallery, Station Rd, Middlesbrough; Tues to Fri 11 to 5, and 7 to 9, Sat Sun 2 to 5, closed Mon, (until May 26).

And What Did You Do At School Today? Chelmsford & Essex Museum, Oaklands Park, Moul-

sham St, Chelmsford; Mon to Sat 10 to 5, Sun 2 to 5, (until June 3).
A Cornish Flower Garden - Cornish Artists Exhibition, Falmouth Art Gallery; Mon to Fri 10 to 12, Sat 10 to 4, closed Sun, (until May 31).

Exhibitions in progress
Institute of Architects exhibitions; Central Library, Wellingborough; Mon to Fri 9.30 to 7, Sat 9.30 to 5, closed Sun, (until May 26).

Music
Organ recital by Adrian Lucas, Norwich Cathedral, 11.00.

Organ recital by Philip Tordoff, St Bartholomew's Church, Armley, Leeds 8.
Organ recital by Thomas Trotter, Coventry Cathedral, 1.05.
Concert by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, St David's Hall, Cardiff, 7.30.

General
Annual Fete and Open Day, Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol, 12 to 4.30.
May Fair: Stalls, entertainments and dancing, Redland Green, Bristol, 2 to 6.
Medieval May Day, Fleshey, Chelmsford, Essex, from 11.

The week's walks
TODAY: The London of Charles Dickens, meet Holborn Tube, 10.30. London's palaces, meet Embankment Tube, 2. The Wonderful World of Charles Dickens, meet Holborn Tube, 11. The Great Charles Dickens Tour, meet St Paul's Tube, 11. London's Ghosts, Alleys and Oddities, meet Embankment Tube, 2.30. Legal and Illegal London, meet Holborn Tube, 11. A London Village, Hampstead, meet Hampstead Tube, 2. The Famous Square Mile, 2.000 years of History, meet St Paul's Tube, 2. An Historic Pub Walk, Covent Garden, meet Covent Garden Tube, 7.30.

TOMORROW: In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, meet Covent Garden Tube, 11. Westminster and Parliament Square, meet Westminster Tube, 11. Haunted London - A Ghost Walk, meet Covent Garden Tube, 7.30. Riverside Pubs, Prisons and Hidden Paths, meet St Paul's Tube, 7.30. Westminster, 1.000 years of History, meet Westminster Tube, 11. Inside the London of Shakespeare and Pevensie, meet Temple Tube, 2. A London Village, Chelsea, meet Sloane Sq Tube, 7.30. Mysterious Interiors of Hidden London, meet Holborn Tube, Kingsway exit, 9.30.

WEDNESDAY: Streets paved with Gold, meet Bank Tube, Royal Exchange exit, 3. Legal Pub Walk, meet St Paul's Tube, 7. Best of Britain Pubs Night, meet Bond St Tube, 7.30. Life in Medieval London, meet outside the Museum of London, 2.30. A Journey through Dickens' London, meet Embankment Tube, 11. Legal London, inside Law Courts, meet Holborn Tube, 2.30. Mysterious Interiors of Hidden London, meet Holborn Tube, Kingsway exit, 9.30.

THURSDAY: Legal London, meet St Paul's Tube, 2. Georgian London, inside 18th century homes, meet Holborn Tube, 11. Trimming assistants in support of certain transport (5). Tea he found consumed by a snake (5).

FRIDAY: Lawyers' London, meet Temple Tube, 10.30. Streets Paved with Gold, meet Fenchurch Street station, 11. Walk the Roman Wall, meet outside the Museum of London, 2.30. Shakespeare's London, meet St Paul's Tube, 11. An Historic Pub Walk, Dickens' Hostels, meet St Paul's Tube, 7.30.

Bond winners
Winning numbers in the weekly Premium Bond draw are: £100,000 238216, £41,141 461141, £50,000 917041 (Cardiff), £25,000 9EB 815501 (Gloucestershire).

Nature notes

Nightingales are back in South-east England: only a few venture outside that region, mainly along the river valleys. They sing by night and day. Reed-warblers are back: they climb nimbly up and down the reed stems. Mallard ducks are growing large, but for two months they keep close to their mother on the water: the drake takes scarcely any interest in them. Teal have left the lakes and estuaries and are beginning to nest in the sprouting heather: like most ducks and geese, they line their nests with soft down from their own breasts.

A slow start, the leaves on the trees have opened rapidly in the sun, and are now more advanced than they were this time last year. Young beech-leaves are a brilliant green, and the pine-sheds fill the air in the beechwoods when the wind blows. On the oaks, leaves and catkins are a light yellow-green. Primroses and wood-violets are flowering by side in the glades where speckled wood butterflies are also on the wing: these butterflies spend the winter either as caterpillars or chrysalids, and it is the newly emerged adults that are now appearing.

D J M

Anniversaries

Births: David Hume (old style April 26), philosopher and historian, Edinburgh, 1711; Robert Browning, London, 1812; Richard Norman Shaw, London, 1831; Johannes Brahms, Hamburg, 1833; Archibald Philip Primrose, 5th earl of Rosebery, prime minister 1894-95, London, 1847; Sir Rabindranath Tagore, poet, Nobel laureate 1913, Calcutta, 1861; Archibald MacLeish, poet, Glencoe, Illinois, 1892; Marshal Tito, president of Yugoslavia 1953-80, Kumrovec, 1892.

Deaths: Thomas Barnes, editor of *The Times* 1817-41, London, 1841; Henry Peter Brougham, 1st baron Brougham and Vaux, Lord Chancellor, 1830-34, Cannes, 1868; James Nasmyth, inventor of the steam hammer, London, 1890; George Lansbury, leader of the Labour Party 1931-35, London 1940; Sir James Frazer, anthropologist, author of *The Golden Bough*, Cambridge, 1841.

SS Latoria was sunk by a German submarine with 1,198 lives lost, 1915. North Vietnamese forces captured Bien Phu from the French, 1954.

The papers

The Daily Mirror says "It is typical of this government that it expelled a young Asian widow and her daughter on the same day as Mrs Thatcher invited the leader of racist South Africa to lunch at No 10." The invitation to Mr Botha shows that our Prime Minister cares little for opinion abroad and less about race relations at home." It adds: "Inviting Mr Botha is offensive to every coloured person in Britain. And so is the way that Aja Begum and her daughter have been treated. Her expulsion makes one thing clear: at least Mrs Thatcher's Government needs no tips from Mr Botha on how to behave disgracefully."

Roads

London and South-east: A308: Staines Road East, Sunbury, eastwards from Batavia Road to Spelthorne Boundary, reduced width, A400: Camden Town, off the main road, occupied along Camden Lane restrictions both carriageways.

Midlands: A34 Stone, Newcastle at Strongford, contraflow, A38: All traffic sharing the southbound carriageway between the Watcomb Island (A61 junction) at Alfreton and the M1 roundabout at junction 28 near Matlock, Derbyshire, M1: Contraflow between junctions 16 and 18 (Watford Gap, M45 junction) at various delays.

North: M62 (West Yorks) resurfacing work between junction 26 (Nottingham) and junction 27 (Hucknall), A19 (North Yorkshire) 10-mile stretch in vicinity of Thirsk by-pass repaving of 14 bridges, contraflow, delays.

Wales and West: A38 (Cornwall) Saltash-Liskeard at Trerulefoot, improvement work, A303: Lichester to Wincanton Road, traffic restrictions west of Sparkford, A478: (South Glamorgan) Cardiff to Merthyr Road at North Road Flyover, Cardiff, bridge repairs, lane closures.

Scotland: M80 (Stirling) north bound carriageway closed at M9 junction 91, resurfacing work, improvement work, A303: Lichester to Wincanton Road, traffic restrictions west of Sparkford, A478: (South Glamorgan) Cardiff to Merthyr Road at North Road Flyover, Cardiff, bridge repairs, lane closures.

SEA PASSAGES: North Sea: Wind north fresh or strong, showers, visibility good, sea moderate or rough. Strait of Dover: wind strong, weather mainly fair, visibility good, sea rough. English Channel (E): Wind strong or gale, weather fair but rain in South at first, visibility good, but moderate in South at first, sea rough. St George's Channel, Irish Sea: Wind NE moderate or fresh, weather fair, visibility good, sea moderate.

Italian crackdown
Motorists touring Italy without a left hand rear window mirror on their vehicles are being fined by the Italian authorities. More expensive: Motorway tolls in Italy have been increased by between 16 and 17 per cent.

The pound

| | Bank | Bank |
|-----------------|---------|---------|
| Australia \$ | 1.59 | 1.51 |
| Austria Sch | 28.15 | 26.55 |
| Belgium Fr | 32.60 | 78.00 |
| Canada \$ | 1.27 | 1.19 |
| Denmark Kr | 14.50 | 13.80 |
| Finland Mkk | 8.41 | 8.01 |
| France Fr | 12.81 | 11.58 |
| Germany DM | 156.00 | 146.00 |
| Switzerland Sfr | 11.40 | 10.80 |
| Italy Lira | 2435.00 | 2335.00 |
| Japan Yen | 333.00 | 317.00 |
| Netherlands Gld | 16.37 | 15.70 |
| Norway Kr | 11.35 | 10.75 |
| Portugal Esc | 200.00 | 190.00 |
| Spain Ptas | 166.64 | 156.25 |
| Sweden Kr | 11.75 | 11.15 |
| Switzerland Sfr | 3.29 | 3.12 |
| USA \$ | 1.45 | 1.40 |
| Yugoslavia Dnr | 205.00 | 185.00 |
| Ireland | 1.29 | 1.23 |

Retail Price Index 345.1. London: The FT index closed down 7.4 on Friday at 915.4. New York: The Dow Jones industrial average closed down 16.22 on Friday at 1165.31.

Weather

An anticyclone will remain almost stationary to the NW of Britain.

6am to midnight

London, Cen S, Cen N England, Midlands: Cloudy at first, sunny intervals developing, wind NE moderate or fresh, max temp 16C (61F).

SE, E England, E Anglia, Channel Islands: Mostly dry, cloudy, bright intervals inland, wind NE moderate or fresh, max temp 14C (57F).

SW, England, S Wales: Sunny periods, perhaps an isolated shower later, wind NE moderate, max temp 16C (61F).

N Wales, NW England, Lake District, Isle of Man: Mostly dry, sunny periods after early mist, wind NE light or moderate, max temp 16C (61F).

Wales, NW England, Lake District, Isle of Man: Mostly dry, sunny periods after early mist, wind NE light or moderate, max temp 16C (61F).

SEA PASSAGES: North Sea: Wind north fresh or strong, showers, visibility good, sea moderate or rough. Strait of Dover: wind strong, weather mainly fair, visibility good, sea rough. English Channel (E): Wind strong or gale, weather fair but rain in South at first, visibility good, but moderate in South at first, sea rough. St George's Channel, Irish Sea: Wind NE moderate or fresh, weather fair, visibility good, sea moderate.

Lighting-up time
London 8.04 pm to 4.50 am
Edinburgh 8.34 pm to 4.44 am
Belfast 8.01 pm to 4.50 am
Penzance 8.21 pm to 5.16 am

Yesterday
Temperatures at midday yesterday: C, cloud; F, fair; R, rain; S, sun.

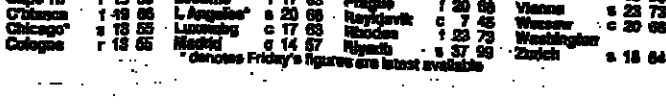
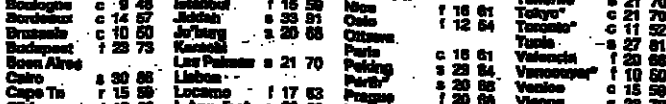
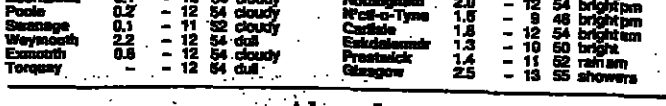
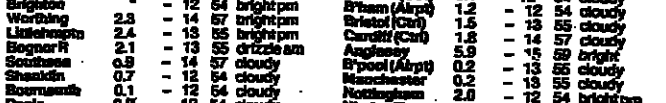
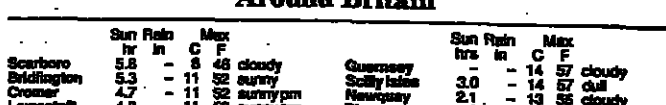
| | C | F |
|---------------|----|----|
| Belfast | 10 | 50 |
| Birmingham | 10 | 50 |
| Bristol | 10 | 50 |
| Cardiff | 10 | 50 |
| Edinburgh | 10 | 50 |
| Exeter | 10 | 50 |
| Gloucester | 10 | 50 |
| Leeds | 10 | 50 |
| Liverpool | 10 | 50 |
| London | 10 | 50 |
| Manchester | 10 | 50 |
| Newcastle | 10 | 50 |
| Nottingham | 10 | 50 |
| Oxford | 10 | 50 |
| Sheffield | 10 | 50 |
| Southampton | 10 | 50 |
| Stoke | 10 | 50 |
| Sunderland | 10 | 50 |
| Torquay | 10 | 50 |
| Wolverhampton | 10 | 50 |
| Wrexham | 10 | 50 |

London
Saturday: Temp: max 6 pm to 8 pm, 14C (57F); min 6 pm to 8 pm, 8C (46F); Humidity: 6 pm, 54 per cent; Rain: 20 to 8 pm, 0.1 in; Sun: 8 to 6 pm, 3.2 in; Bar: mean sea level, 6 pm, 1015.5 mbars, steady.

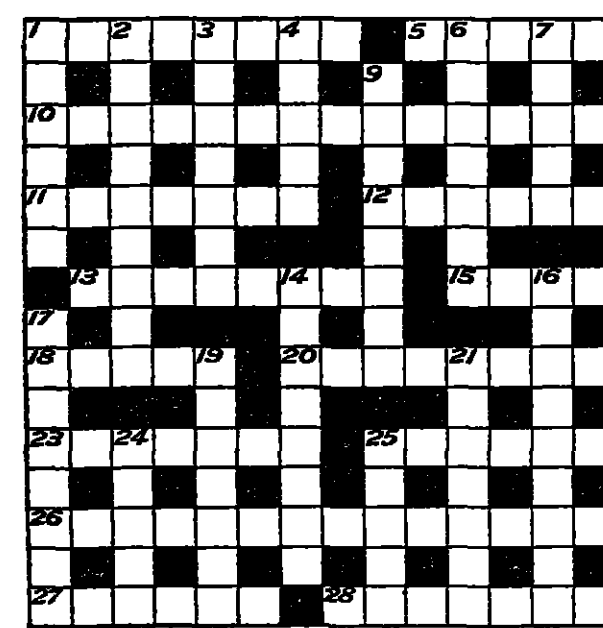
Sunday: Temp: max 6 pm to 8 pm, 12C (54F); min 6 pm to 8 pm, 8C (46F); Humidity: 6 pm, 50 per cent; Rain: 20 to 8 pm, 0.1 in; Sun: 8 to 6 pm, 3.2 in; Bar: mean sea level, 6 pm, 1015.5 mbars, rising, 1,000 mbars = 30 in Hg.

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NOON TODAY Pressure is shown in millibars



The Times Crossword Puzzle No 16,423



ACROSS

- General drudge for the Kennel Club (8).
- Climbed like a fish (6).
- Milton's tragedy finally brought the house down (6,9).
- Chap after Matilda a tramp - or a burglar? (7).
- Eastern king receives no lady from Aquitaine (7).
- Unusual tool in which Harle produced book of opera (8).
- Early settler here, right in the corner of the square (5).
- Allow many into opening of mine (5).
- Writer's sources here of various kinds, including colour (8).
- Hardy Oak bore a divine message (7).
- Its house occupied by Israelites in Egypt (7).
- Treacherous type of rat has seen kinds runned (5,2,3,5).
- Funny thing about the tree in Knox's deserted quad? (6).